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Pro-Slavery.

From the New-York Telegraph.

THE REPEAL OF THE SUGAR DUTIES, AND ITS EFFECT UPON POLITICAL ABOLITIONISM.

Our last accounts from abroad warrant the truly satisfactory conclusion, that the greatest and most mischievous humbug of the age, is on the eve of an explosion. From the earliest era to the present time, the nations of the earth have been periodically afflicted with visitations of fanaticism and imposture, which have sometimes covered the plains and strewed the highways, and choked the rivers, with the carcasses of their victims; and, at other times, have almost banished common sense from the world, and filled the habitations of man with madmen and fools. Political abolitionism is a remarkable example of one of these visitations, modified in its influences, and circumscribed in its powers of ill, by the enlightened spirit of the present age. Growing out of the action of the British Parliament, (which, in a moment of excited vanity, was willing to sacrifice every consideration of justice, humanity, and sound policy, to a misplaced and exaggerated sympathy for a class who needed it far less than the poor of England and of Ireland;) the Anti-Slavery humbug has been fostered and sustained, until its bulk has become appalling, and its weight a serious impediment to the movement of the wheels of State. The repeal of the duties upon slave-grown sugar, is an admission of this fact by the body which originated the evil, and at the same time a decided intimation on the part of that body, of its determination to withdraw the fostering hand, and leave the mis-begotten monster to its fate!

The Anti-Slavery excitement was originated by good and honest men, for humane purposes. Wilberforce and his associates meant well in their attacks upon the Slave-Trade; but it is very much to be doubted, whether the good they accomplished in its abolition, can ever compare in amount with the evil they brought about, by exciting the insurrection of the blacks in St. Domingo. Be that as it may, it is very certain that from the beginning which they made, have proceeded a train of false principles, and erroneous ideas, which have not only involved England in a course of lamentable folly and extravagance, but, crossing to this country, have imbued thousands with their madness—introduced feuds into our families, and dissensions into our public councils, until the very existence of our republican institutions is threatened.

Inasmuch, however, as this mischievous spirit of fanaticism has received a check at its source,—let us hope that its spread amongst us may be, in a corresponding degree retarded, and that the baleful errors which have sprung up under its influence, may wither and die as that influence is withdrawn. We have no money to throw away in senseless experiments for the amelioration of the condition of the African race,—and fortunate is it for the permanency of our institutions that it is so; but we have the experience of ages before us—and, what is still more to the point, we have the example of England, (by whom the most profusely extravagant experiments have just been tried,) for our instruction.

A few years since, England, with a pauper population of some three millions at home, with as many more on the eve of starvation in Ireland,—paid one hundred millions of dollars for the manumission of some eight hundred thousand well-fed, lightly-worked, and contented blacks! The imaginary fetters were struck from the limbs of the slave: the superiority of free labour was loudly proclaimed, and astounding results were looked for by that class of philanthropists whose sympathies, unmoved by the calamities of their starving fellow-countrymen at home, dwelt alone with the sleek and happy negroes of Jamaica and Barbadoes. The grand experiment was tried, and what has been the result? Just what every man, of common sense, expected: Coffee, made a freeman and a gentleman by act of Parliament, disdained to work, the produce of the colonies fell off in value, plantations were deserted, and princely estates became worthless. One expedient after another was tried to remedy the evil; prohibitory duties were laid on slave-grown sugar; the thousands of native Africans captured from slavers, were bound for the best of their days to the planters, to supply the place of the newly-made freemen; and, lastly, Hill Coolies were brought from the healthy table-lands of the East Indies, to cultivate, at wages almost nominal, the sugar and the coffee of the West. But all would not avail! The Hill Coolies died from the effects of a climate, and a kind of labour to which they were unaccustomed. The newly-caught negroes were raw hands, and proved of comparatively little service. The sugar crop kept on diminishing, in spite of protection, until at length, (supplies from other sources being prohibited,) this commodity, now considered one of the necessaries of life, bade fair to disappear from consumption in England, except among the wealthier classes.

This state of things opened the eyes of John Bull. The glory of emancipating the West India blacks, if any glory there were in converting eight hundred thousand happy and industrious labourers into as many idle and worthless vagabonds, was dearly enough paid for, at the rate of twenty millions sterling, without adding another burden to the already overwhelming load of taxes, which the British people were staggering under. The young and vigourous spirit of free trade was in the ascendant, and it soon manifested its determination and ability to trample down the Anti-Slavery fanaticism, as well as other less absurd and less dangerous abuses. The new ministry, immediately upon coming into power, proposed the abolition of the duties on slave-grown sugar, they were supported by their predecessors, and the House of Commons, by an overwhelming vote, have signified their approbation of the measure, the bill has passed the Lords, and become a law. The experiment has failed, and England tacitly, but decidedly, admitting the folly of her course, has commenced to retrace her steps.

What may be the ultimate result of these movements, time alone can fully reveal. Whether the rights and privileges granted to a class of beings who are incapable of either appreciating or improving them, are to be recalled at the point of the British bayonet, or whether the beautiful and fertile islands of the Carribean Sea, are to be abandoned by the whites, and permitted to return to a state of barbarism, darker and more benighted than that which existed before the coming of Columbus, under the influence of the race which is fast converting Hâiti into a desert, must depend upon contingencies, not yet developed; but however it may be, the lesson thus brought home to our convictions, should not be thrown away upon us. As we have before remarked, we have no millions of treasure to squander upon such useless experiments, but we have what is of infinitely more value, a sacred bond of union to be preserved; we have our republican institutions to be maintained—our State rights, and our glorious Constitution to be defended—our religious, charitable, and literary enterprises to be cherished, and these, all these are threatened and endangered by the spirit of fanaticism, which we borrowed from England, as we do the fashions of our garments, and which we should now discard, as she has commenced to discard them. Is not Anti-Slavery distracting our national councils, and fomenting domestic dissensions among us? Is it not constantly attacking the rights of our Southern brethren, and assaulting the fabric of our Constitution? Has it not entered our churches, and severed brother from brother, pastors from their flocks, and rent asunder the organization of our most evangelical denominations? Is it not striving to divert to its own idle and insensate projects the streams of benevolence flowing from the contributions of the pious for the conversion of the heathen, and the relief of the poor? Is this spirit from above, or from below? or rather, is it not palpably an emanation of that evil principle which entered Paradise, and doomed a world to sin and death? and should it not, as the very head and front of that old serpent, the devil, be crushed, in accordance with prophecy, and in obedience to precept, beneath the heels of those who love their country, and their God? England has seen her errour and commenced to retrace her steps. Hitherto we have followed her as the fool follows the multitude to do evil; let us not hesitate or falter, when she leads the way through wisdom's paths.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

DUTIES OF MASTERS TO THEIR SLAVES.

This is the title of a sermon by President Young, of Kentucky. These duties are enumerated as follows:

1. To form the habit of viewing our servants as our brethren of the same family: and acting accordingly.

2. To suppress the feeling that they were made for us.

3. To see to their religious improvement, reading God's word, and inducing them to attend his worship.

4. To watch over their moral character.

5. To exercise patience towards their faults and infirmities.

6. To treat them with positive kindness both in word and action.

7. To give them a reasonable and fair compensation for their labour.

"Give unto your servants that which is just and equal." It was a beautiful provision in the law of Moses, which forbade the Jew from muzzling his ox while it was trampling out the grain. Even the dumb beast was not to be tantalized with seeing the fruits of his labour appropriated and carried away by others, while he was hungering for his share. He was not to go unrewarded, while others were fattening on his toil. The man, then, who lives by the sweat of his fellow-creature's brow, ought not to grudge him a full share of the products of his own labour. And we are to remember that what is "just and equal to a brute" is not "just and equal" to a human being. If a master furnishes provender, shelter, and litter, sufficient for a beast, and does not overwork him, he performs all that duty and humanity require. But surely more than these are due to the human being who toils for us. He should share with us, not merely in the bare necessaries, but the comforts of life.

8. To correct them for their faults, calmly, mildly, and firmly.

Dr. Y. regards corporeal chastisement as a divine appointment both for children and slaves.

9. To require them to observe the rights of marriage.

"How can we inculcate principles of integrity, faithfulness, and the various Christian virtues, upon those whom we permit to live in the open and shameless violation of one of the fundamental laws of Jehovah? And how can we expect to cultivate in them a regard for character, when we permit them to live in a condition which all decent society views with contempt and abhorrence? To convince you of the master's duty on this subject, it is surely not necessary that we should portray the brutalizing effect of a system of licentiousness, and prove the necessity of the marriage rite—it is enough for us to direct your attention to the fact that, if servants are not prohibited from trampling upon the rite which God has instituted as one of the great preservatives of human virtue, he will hold as responsible, not the ignorant servants merely, but the more intelligent masters, who might have controlled them. By what plea can men defend or justify their power over their fellow-men, unless they use it to restrain them from vice."

10. To avoid the cruelty and crime of selling them for purposes of gain, without regard to their welfare, especially where the ties of relationship are rudely sundered.

"The criminality of this conduct rises to its highest pitch, in those cases in which domestic ties are rent asunder by the ruthless hand of the master bent upon gain. A man may stop his ears to the agonizing cry of the wife rudely forced away from her husband and separated forever, he may refuse to hear the wailing of the mother for her children torn from her—but there is a voice to which he must one day listen, the voice of the Eternal pronouncing judgment upon him, for his trampling upon the rights of humanity, and treating his fellow-men as if they were beasts of the field."

This sermon has been published by the members of Dr. Young's church in Danville, Ky.

"The Peculiar Institution."

A TALE OF SLAVERY.

The following account is given by a correspondent of the "Christian Advocate and Journal." The occurrence took place at Wilmington, North Carolina:

"There are at Washington city, at Norfolk, at Charleston, and perhaps at some other places in the old States of the South, slave markets, where slave-dealers purchase upon speculation such slaves as they can obtain, for the purpose of re-sale at a profit in the extreme South.

"As I went on board the steamboat, I noticed eight coloured men, hand-cuffed and chained together in pairs, four women, and eight or ten children, at the apparent ages of from four to ten years, all standing together in the bow of the boat, in charge of a man standing near them. Of the men, one was sixty, one was fifty-two, three of them about thirty, two of them about twenty-five, and one about twenty years of age, as I subsequently learned from them. The first two had children, the next three had wives and children, and the other three were single, but had parents living from them. Coming near them, I perceived they were all greatly agitated; and on inquiring, I found that they were all slaves, who had been born and raised in North Carolina, and had just been sold to a speculator who was now taking them to the Charleston market. Upon the shore there was a number of coloured persons, women and children, waiting the departure of the boat; and my attention was particularly attracted by two coloured females of uncommonly respectable appearance, neatly attired, who stood together, a little distance from the crowd, and upon whose countenances was depicted the keenest sorrow. As the last bell was tolling, I saw the tears gushing from their eyes, and they raised their neat cotton aprons and wiped their faces under the cutting anguish of severed affection—They were the wives of two of the men in chains! There, too, were mothers and sisters, weeping at the departure of their sons and brothers; and there, too, were fathers, taking the last look of their wives and children. My whole attention was directed to those on shore, as they seemed to stand in solemn, submissive silence, occasionally giving utterance to the intensity of their feelings by a sigh or a stifled groan. As the boat was loosed from her moorings, they cast a distressed, lingering look towards those on board, and turned away in silence. My eye now turned to those in the boat; and although I tried to control my feelings amidst my sympathies for those on shore, I could conceal them no longer, and found myself literally 'weeping with those that weep.' I stood near them, and when one of the husbands saw his wife upon the shore wave her hand for the last time, in token of her affection, his manly efforts to restrain his feelings gave way, and fixing his watery eyes upon her, he exclaimed, 'this is the most distressing thing of all! My dear wife and children, farewell!' The husband of the other wife stood weeping in silence, and with his manacled hands raised to his face, he looked upon her for the last time. Of the poor women on board, three of them had husbands whom they left behind. One of them had three children, another had two, and the third had none. These husbands and fathers were among the throng upon the shore, witnessing the departure of their wives and children, and as they took leave of them, they were sitting together upon the floor of the boat, sobbing in silence, but giving utterance to no complaint.

"But the distressing scene was not yet ended. Sailing down Cape Fear river twenty-five miles, we touched at the little village of Smithport, on the south side of the river. It was at this place that one of these slaves lived, and here was his wife and five children; and while at work on Monday last, his purchaser took him away from his family, carried him in chains to Wilmington, where he had since remained in jail. As we approached the wharf, a flood of tears gushed from his eyes, and anguish seemed to have pierced his heart. The boat stopped but a moment, and as she left, he bid farewell to some of his acquaintances whom he saw upon the shore, exclaimed, 'boys, I wish you well; tell Molly (meaning his wife) and the children I wish them well, and hope God will bless them.' At that moment he espied his wife on the stoop of a house some rods from the shore, and with one hand which was not in the cuffs, he pulled off his old hat, and waving it toward her, exclaimed, 'farewell!' As he saw by the waving of her apron that she recognized him, he leaned back upon the railing, and with a faltering voice repeated, 'farewell, forever.' After a moment's silence, conflicting passions seemed to tear open his heart, and he exclaimed, 'What have I done that I should suffer this doom! Oh, my wife and children, I want to live no longer!' and the big tears rolled down his cheek, which he wiped away with the palm of his unchained hand, looked once more at the mother of his five children, and the turning of the boat hid her face from him forever.

"As I looked around, I saw that mine was not the only heart that was affected by the scene, but that the tears standing in the eyes of many of my fellow passengers, bore testimony to the influence of human sympathy; and I could, as an American citizen, standing within the limits of one of the old thirteen States, but repeat the language of Jefferson in relation to the general subject, 'I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just.' After we left Smithport, I conversed freely with all these persons; and in intelligence and respectability of appearance, the three men who have thus been torn from their families would compare favourably with the respectable portion of the coloured men of the North. This is a specimen of what almost daily occurs in the business of the slave-trade.

"Yours, in the bonds of the Gospel,

"A. C."

Selections.

From the Christian Herald.

DR. A. KEITH ON SLAVERY.

In the year 1840, Harper & Brothers, gave to the community a stereotype edition of a very celebrated work, on the fulfilment of Prophecy, by Dr. Alexander Keith, of the Free Church of Scotland. On the 252d page of this edition is found a passage condemning Slavery, which may not be unprofitable to our readers. The following are the Doctor's remarks: "Whatever events the prophecies reveal, they never sanction any iniquity or evil. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God, though it be made to praise him. And any defence or attempted justification of Slavery, or of any man having any moral right of property in man must be sought in vain from the fulfilment of this prediction. Nebuchadnezzar was the guilty instrument of righteous judgments; and although in the execution of these, he was the servant of the Lord, it was his own gain and glory which he sought, and after having subdued nations not a few, he was driven from among men, and had his dwelling with the beasts. Never were judgments more clearly marked than those which have rested on the Jews in every country under heaven. Yet he that toucheth them toucheth the apple of his eye; and the year of recompenses for the controversy of Zion shall be the day of the Lord's vengeance, when he will plead with all flesh for his people and for his heritage. And if these examples suffice not to show that it is a wresting of Scripture to their destruction, for any to seek from them a vindication of Slavery, because Canaan was to be the servant of servants unto his brethren, yet they who profess to look here to the *holy* Scriptures for a warrant, because that fact was foretold, should remember, that though Christ was delivered into the hands of his enemies 'by the *determinate counsel and foreknowledge* of God;' it was by *wicked hands* that he was crucified and slain. God hath made of one flesh all the nations of the earth. And, were the Gospel universally and rightly appealed to, *no other bond would be known among men but that of brotherhood.*"

This passage is a most decided testimony against the abominable system of human slavery. What is somewhat remarkable about this sentiment of the Doctor's, is the fact that sometime since the Board of Publication of the Old School Presbyterian Church, issued an edition of this celebrated work, omitting this passage relating to Slavery, without any notice of the fact. This matter has been examined and the only excuse offered is, that it was omitted by the PROOF-READER of the Executive Committee in revising for the press. Now of how much importance is this miserable excuse? It would seem that no proof-reader, employed by another, would dare to take a responsibility so important, and if he should do it, he ought to be dismissed from such a situation. Has it been done in the case referred to above? If not, every excuse like the above, only shows how the American Church bows to Slavery,

P.

From the Luminary.

FREE LABOUR vs. SLAVE LABOUR.

In last week's paper we called the reader's attention to the arguments adduced by the Hon. Andrew Stewart, of this State, to induce the Southern States to drop their free trade notions, and embark in manufacturing operations. These were, that they not only had all the advantages of the North, but in addition supplied the raw material, and above all, had "*labour without wages*, perfectly available for such purposes."

To show what the free labourer would have to compete with, if the suggestions of Mr. Stewart were adopted and acted upon, we gave what we supposed would be the actual expense per annum, of keeping a slave, with the interest of the amount invested in his purchase. The former we set down at $30, but it appears from an extract which we annex from a work, entitled, "Southern Planter's Political Economy," that we were too liberal in our estimate; and that the expense of keeping a slave is only *twenty dollars per annum!* The whole expense, then, of slave labour, per annum, is from fifty to sixty dollars. What a prospect is held out for free labour when coming into competition with such odds! But for our extract:

"Slavery, as it now exists in the United States, is calculated to exert a great influence upon our policy and future prosperity. I am not going to discuss the horrors of Slavery, its moral turpitude, nor whether it is right or not. On all these points there can be but one opinion if the thing had to be gone over again. I merely take it as it exists, as it stands marked and fastened upon us, and intend to show the bearing it has upon our labour, markets, and productions. It is a subject for the inquiry of our political economists, before they adopt any great measures intended to effect our labour, productions, and resources. A new and peculiar sort of labour is through Slavery thrown into the United States, that is hard to calculate, and of which the effects are difficult to estimate. Three millions of people or labourers, whose wages are what they eat and wear only, working under other stimulants than their interests, and showing a steadiness and unchangeableness unknown to labour generally, cannot fail to produce such results as could not be appreciated by any rules of a Smith. These labourers insure and perpetuate themselves, and are guarantied to the country and their immediate owners by the most sacred and fundamental laws of the nation. No free labour can compete with them, for free labour must have wages that will bear the irregularities incident to all labour, such as occasional relaxation, illness, whims, changes, and dissipations. The free labourers are in families, and useless mouths are to be fed,—houses, rents, furniture, taxes, doctors' bills, all amounting to some style and a considerable amount, have to be sustained. The slaves live without beds or houses worth so calling, or family cares, or luxuries, or parade, or show; have no relaxations, or whims, or frolics, or dissipations; instead of sun to sun in their hours, are worked from daylight till nine o'clock at night. Where the free labourer would require one hundred dollars a year for food and clothing alone, the slave can be supported for twenty dollars a year, and often is. This makes the wages of the one forty cents a day, of the other *six cents only.* I prove this by the facts of the case. The average wages or price of labour in the United States is forty cents a day; in England two shillings, and on the continent of Europe is about twenty-five cents. A slave consumes in meat one hundred pounds of bacon or pork, costing in Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, and Western Virginia, $8;—thirteen bushels Indian corn, costing $2; this makes up his food. Now for sala and medicine add $1, and it runs thus: A year's food is $11. Their clothing is of cotton, fifteen yards Lowell, $1,50; ten yards linsey, $4; one blanket, $2; one pair of shoes, $1—making $8,50. Now this sum of $19,50, say $20, divided among the working days is six cents. This is not fancy, but every day's practice. So the wages of a slave is *one-sixth part of the wages of the free labourers.* If slave labour, therefore, was organized to the best advantage, no free labour could stand against it. I have shown before, how well fitted slaves are for manufactories, and how confidential and trusty."

From the North American.

THE BIBLE AND LIBERTY.

The Bible is the great protector and guardian of the liberties of man. There never has been on earth true liberty, apart from the precepts and principles of the Bible. This remark is fully sustained by the history of the world. Go to the plains of Babylon, and the entire history of that empire, until its destruction by Cyrus, is a history of the most absolute despotism. Egypt and Persia were equally strangers to civil liberty. The same was true, with some slight modifications, of Greece and Rome. Facts spread on every page of the world's history, point to the Bible as the only basis of the temple of freedom. Where the Bible forms public opinion, a nation must be free. "Christianity," says Montesquieu, "is a stranger to despotic power."—De Tocqueville says: "It is the companion of liberty in all its battles and in all its conflicts—the cradle of its infancy, the divine source of its claims." The Abbe de la Mennais, whom a late writer distinguishes as one of the most powerful minds in Europe, speaks eloquently of the Divine Author of Christianity, "as the great republican of his age." Everywhere, the men whose minds have been imbued with the light and spirit of the Bible, have been the devoted friends of civil liberty. Such were the Lollards in England, the adherents of Luther in Germany, and of Knox in Scotland. Such were the Huguenots of France, who fled their country, or sealed their testimony with their blood on the fatal revocation of the edict of Nantz. Such were the Puritans, who, with the courage of heroes and the zeal of martyrs, struggled for and obtained the charter of liberty which England now enjoys. Hume, with all his hostility to the Bible, says: "The precious spark of liberty has been kindled and was preserved by the Puritans alone, and it was to this sect, the English owe the whole freedom of their Constitution."

GOOD REASONS FOR NOT JOINING THE LIBERTY PARTY.

Some years ago, Lewis Tappan, who is now a leading Liberty party man in this city,—if that can be called a party which has never polled but about a hundred votes, in a population of between three and four hundred thousand people—gave the following excellent reasons for not joining the Liberty party. They are as good now as they were then:

1. It was not contemplated at the formation of the American Anti-Slavery Society.

2. The society has disclaimed, from the beginning, any such intention.

3. We shall lose our hold upon the public conscience as moral reformers.

4. It would be thought, and in many instances justly, that we were not disinterested in advancing the cause of the slave and the free people of colour, but were aiming after the distinctions and emoluments of office.

5. It would appear to multitudes that we had lost our confidence in moral suasion and appeals to the conscience and hearts of men, and our confidence in the God of the oppressed.

6. Because we should become less influential with the great body of voters of both parties, between which we shall soon hold the balance of power—our moral force being greatly superiour to our numerical force.

7. Because associating with political agitators, and employing even the best political machinery, would dilute, so to speak, the quality of our anti-slavery feelings, faith, and zeal.

8. Because it would be taking hold of the matter wrong end foremost—as moral reformers may change the character of political partisans, but political parties are not wont to effect moral revolutions.

9. Because it is but a part of our object to bring about the emancipation of the slaves by the political action of Congress, as it regards the districts, and by the political action of the States, within their respective jurisdictions—as we aim to bring slaveholders to repentance of the sin of slaveholding, which will be apt to be lost sight of in separate political action.

10. Because the constitution of man is such that political action, as it regards the leaders, especially, is apt to be an absorbing principle, to the neglect of moral and religious efforts.

11. Because the policy already pursued, has, in many sections of country, taught politicians that they must set up candidates who will vote for immediate emancipation, and the political equality of the free people of colour, or they will not gain the votes of Abolitionists, or elect their candidates.

12. Because there is reason to believe that perseverance in the determination to vote irrespective of party, will command the respect, excite the fears, and ultimately bring to terms the leaders in both of the present great political parties of the country.

13. Because the attempt to form a distinct political party, would, instead of purifying the politics of the country, throw into the front rank of the Anti-Slavery cause men who are aspiring to office, and enlist the activity of multitudes who care little for the sin of Slavery, or the moral and religious improvement of the slaveholder, or the enslaved—and thus, instead of purifying the political atmosphere, and inducing the people to vote from moral principle, there would be danger of diminishing the moral feeling of the friends of human rights.

14. Because we should lose to a great degree, the sympathy, prayers, and aid of Abolitionists in other countries, if we descend from our present position, as experience has taught them that the Anti-slavery cause has prospered when the Abolitionists have kept aloof from political partyism.

15. Because we should necessarily array against us all the party feelings of leading politicians throughout the country, whereas, by not adopting separate organizations, numbers of the different parties can act in concert with us on this subject, retaining their present predilections on other subjects.

16. Our numerical force is comparatively small—though far from being so small as the aggregate of abolition votes thrown, in the estimation of our opponents, indicates—and will probably continue to be small until the country is regenerated, as large cities are the theatres of physical but not of moral revolutions,

17. The annual disclosure of our small numerical force, at the central place of action, necessarily carries the impression that our moral force is proportionably weak, whereas a small number of active and unyielding Abolitionists, with the means intrusted to them, at the centre of foreign and inland intelligence, may, with the blessing of God, set in motion the physical, intellectual, and moral energies of hundreds of thousands dispersed over the country.

18. Defeat, in so large a city, is calculated to dishearten coadjutors in other parts of the Union, and to encourage opponents, more than the defeat of ten times the numerical strength of Abolitionists elsewhere.

Rev. Mr. Banks, (Presbyterian,) stated in Cleveland, on the first of August, the results of emancipation he had witnessed in the West Indies. In Trinidad "the result of the experiment had been complete. Formerly, every dwelling was defended with fire-arms, and no one presumed to sleep without barring his doors, and loading his guns, and placing all his weapons of defence at hand. Now, a door was seldom locked, and fear had utterly fled. At first, difficulties and losses were reported as the result of emancipation—but they arose from embarrassments incurred during the existence of Slavery. The great difficulty was the want of labourers, not an indisposition to labour. Emancipation naturally withdrew from the field, many females, and children of tender ages, and mechanics, who were compelled to labour in the field under the constraints of Slavery. This was the cause of the scarcity of labourers, and a consequent diminution of products at first. But how is it now, after ten years experience? Notwithstanding all the objections that were raised then, and the difficulties experienced, not a man now in Trinidad would listen to a proposition to return to the old system. They say, we all trembled, the first few years, but now we know that freedom is better than Slavery. At first, capital was withdrawn from use; now, new roads are built in every direction, and new painted houses rise where old ones stood before. Railroads are projected on European capital—showing that the entire business of the island has received a new impulse.

When he first went to Barbadoes, he had tracts, and presented them to some children as they passed. The consequence was he was beset all the afternoon by well-dressed children, who could all read with ease, for more tracts. What a contrast in our Southern States! Hundreds who commenced with a, b, c, in two years or less, learn to read, and write, and cypher. When he left the island, the house and passages were thronged with people, eager to give him a parting hand, and secure a promise of his return. The idea that idleness prevails there, or that there is danger in emancipation, is a humbug."

BEREA ANTI-SLAVERY.

BEREA, Aug. 20, 1846.

Mr. Stevens:—Dear Sir:—A *man* a few days since who was anxious to store his mind with useful knowledge, and become a man amongst men, applied to the faculty of this Institution, for those crumbs of knowledge which they had the means of bestowing upon him in ample profusion, but they were denied him. He was not admitted into the Institution when it was discovered that their brother had a skin not coloured like their own. What say you to such proceedings?

A. CITIZEN.

What say we? Not much. But we have somewhere read—"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to *you*, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets." "Give to EVERY man that asketh of thee;" not merely your white brother, but *every* man, black as well as white "and him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." "God created man in his *own* image, in the image of God created he him."—*True Democrat.*

From the Richmond Whig.

The Cleveland "Plain-Dealer," a spirited Locofoco paper, says: "We had the pleasure of seeing the Hon. Senators CASS, of Michigan, and BREESE, of Illinois, also the Hon. JOHN WENTWORTH, representative from the Chicago district, as they passed up the lake on Saturday, returning from the late session. They do not hesitate to say that WESTERN RIGHTS have been trampled upon by the DOMINEERING POLICY OF THE SOUTH, and that concert of action among the representatives of the FREE STATES is necessary to resist SOUTHERN AGGRESSION. So say *we*, (adds the Plain-Dealer,) and a member of Congress from the West who is found cuddling to the SLAVE-POWER, for the sake of Government favour, should be marked with the curse of Cain."

What says the Enquirer to these "natural allies" of the South—these "Northern men with Southern principles?"

From the Boston Traveller.

CHARGE OF KIDNAPPING.

In the police court, this morning, Edmund L. Benson came in and made complaint against Captain Hannum, of the brig Ottoman, lately arrived at this port from New Orleans, for seizing and carrying away a coloured man, who had succeeded in making his escape from New Orleans in the Ottoman. The coloured man was a slave in New Orleans, and took refuge in the brig, where he kept himself secreted until it was too late to return him. After the brig had arrived at this port, Captain Hannum kept a supervision over the salve, intending to return him to his owners at New Orleans by the first vessel. He was sent down to Spectacle Island, in a boat attended by a guard. While the keepers were on shore, the fugitive set sail for South Boston, and reached the place in safety. He then took the land, and nearly reached the bridge, when he was overtaken by Captain Hannum, who told the crowd he had stolen his pocket-book, and that he was about taking him to jail for the robbery. He was, however, again put on board the boat, and taken to Point Shirley, with the view of putting him on board of a vessel about to sail for New Orleans. Mr. Benson states that at eight o'clock last evening, the negro was confined in the cuddy of a boat at that place, tied hand and foot.

Writs of habeas corpus were granted yesterday by Judge Hubbard, of the Supreme Court, with the view of bringing the fugitive before him; but the search for him was unsuccessful. Upon a statement of these facts a warrant was granted for the arrest of Captain Hannum, on the ground that he had forcibly carried off the man contrary to law.

SLAVERY MUST CEASE.

The spirit of the age, and the points of elevation which we have gained in the progress of events, are against the institution of Slavery; and that institution is certainly destined to fall. It is a system at variance with the settled views of mankind, and with principles now established, and from which our race is not to go backward. Everything which has been developed in the long track of ages, and the revelation of God, about the essential qualities of man, the fact that all are of one race, that the same blood has been shed for human redemption, and that the same is open to all, is against this institution. Everything that has been elicited or established about the dignity of man, the nobleness of soul, the honour of human nature, the distinction between intellect and matter, between man and the brute, is against the existence of the institution. Every blow that has been struck in the cause of liberty, either in this or the old world; every struggle of the Puritans for freedom here, is against this institution. Every common school, academy, and college in the land, and all the views which we have adopted, that the human mind, as such, has a right to instruction;—all that is sacred in the right of trial by jury, and all our views that every accused *man*, no matter what his colour, has such a right;—all our convictions that the Bible is made for *mankind*, and is to be withheld from none, and all the deep-felt and inextinguishable convictions which men are settling upon, that every man has a right to the fair avails of his own labour;—all these things are against this institution. All the settled notions of religion, too, are against it; and it is only by a warfare upon the plain and indispensable principles of the Bible, that it is maintained.

From these fixed points in regard to liberty, education, trial by jury, the right to read, and the right to the avails of labour, our race do not go backward. These are matters fully settled now, in the age in which we live. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh," but these principles, like "the earth, abide forever." The spirit of Slavery is coming now into contact every year with those great principles; and as they acquire a deeper hold on the mind, the mind becomes more repellant to the system.

The opposition made to the institution in this land and this age, is not the ebullition of passion or excitement. It is the spirit of the age against it—the growth of centuries, the result of conflict, the fruit of liberty, *the offspring of religion;* and if anything may be predicted to the future, it is, that somehow, THE INSTITUTION OF SLAVERY MUST CEASE FOREVER.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

From the Christian (Jersey, Eng.) Penny Record.

AMERICAN SLAVERY.

To the Rev. Robert Newton, D. D. Wesleyan Minister, Manchester.

REV. SIR:—I perceive by the *Watchman* of the 5th instant, that you made a motion for the reception into the British Conference of the Rev. Dr. Peck, the Rev. J. Emory, and the Rev. J. Webber, ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church (North), United States; and in so doing you stated that you had inquired whether they were connected with any of the pro-slavery churches of America. Of the sentiments of these gentlemen as *individuals*, on the great question of Slavery, I am ignorant; but I assert that they stand in a pro-slavery position in coming to this country; and for this simple reason—they are in connection with a pro-slavery Church, notwithstanding the result of your enquiry to the contrary. I cannot for a moment suppose that *you* are ignorant of the true state of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in reference to the Anti-Slavery cause. I may refer you, however, to the fact, that the Church North, never expelled the South; but that the great portion of the South withdrew from the North. Kentucky and Maryland (slaveholding States), remained with the Northern branch of the Church, and these men-stealers, *to this hour*, are in full fellowship with the Church North, with which these gentlemen are connected. I ask you, leaving the strong pro-slavery sentiment of the *Northern clergy generally* out of the question, can these men honestly come here as true Abolitionists, or are the British and Irish Methodist Conferences free from guilt in holding fellowship with these men or their churches, so long as Slavery remain in it? But, for this, you and your Church must answer to God. When you were in Dublin, at the Irish Conference, in July last, I heard you state at a Missionary meeting, that the Rev. William Livesey, from Providence Conference, (Rhode Island,) who was then present, and moved a resolution, was not connected with Slavery, directly or *indirectly*, or he would not be there. This was a good sentiment to get out, for it recognizes the principle, for which I have been contending—"No FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS." But I thought, at the time, it was a very extraordinary statement. You must either have been in ignorance on the subject, or have taken advantage of the ignorance of the people as regards their knowledge of Mr. Livesey. Not a few, however, saw that it was—Livesey *v.* Newton. Mr. Livesey proved himself, on the platform, unsound. He stated, that he *regretted* the division in the Church; but as the South (the slaveholders) had taken *upon themselves to separate*, let *them* bear the responsibility. Here we see this supposed Anti-Slavery man *regrets* the withdrawal of the men-stealers. After hearing such statements, the following was issued as a handbill, and was circulated amongst the members of Conference and the congregations. A copy was also enclosed to yourself, the President, (Rev. J. Stanley,) and the Rev. John Lomas:—

THE METHODISTS AND SLAVERY.

"As the Rev. William Livesey, a member of the Wesleyan Episcopal Church of the United States, and connected with the Providence (Rhode Island) Conference, is now in Dublin, this is considered a suitable opportunity to inform the Methodist Conference now in session, by whom that gentleman has been so warmly received, of some particulars connected with the true position of that portion of the Christian Church, with which he is identified, towards the Anti-Slavery cause. For this purpose the following extract is given from the *Essex Transcript*, a newspaper published in the free State of Massachusetts:—

Many simple-minded people (among whom I confess myself included) really supposed that the late separation of the Methodist Episcopal Church into two parts, the one the "Church South," and the other the "Church North," was a moral as well as geographical division; and that the northern section was to be, nominally at least, an Anti-Slavery church. But the action of the Baltimore Conference, which adheres to the "Church North," has undeceived me in this respect. That body has unanimously adopted the following resolution, which might have been appropriately drawn up by Hope H. Slatter, the great negro-trading Methodist, of Baltimore:

"Resolved, That this Conference disclaims having any fellowship with abolitionism. On the contrary, while it is determined to maintain its well-known and long-established position, by keeping the travelling preachers composing its own body free from Slavery, it is also determined not to hold connection with any ecclesiastical body that shall make non-slaveholding a condition of membership in the Church; but to stand by and maintain the discipline as it is."

It will thus be seen that the only restriction upon slaveholding in one of the largest Conferences of the "Anti-Slavery Church, North," is confined to "travelling preachers." Local preachers, class-leaders, stewards, and any and all members of the Church may buy, sell, whip, and torture negroes to any extent whatever. The vilest negro-trader in Baltimore may take his seat at the communion-table unrebuked.

But I may be told that this is the action, after all, of but ONE Conference, and that the great body, especially here at the North, are sound on the subject of abolition. Sorry am I to be compelled to state the fact, that the last meeting of the Rhode Island Conference endorsed the Baltimore resolution as follows:

"Resolved, by the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Conference assembled, That while we regret certain allusions in the resolutions of the late Baltimore Conference, we nevertheless consider the position assumed by that body in relation to Slavery, especially as defined in its Pastoral Address, as exceedingly judicious, and the best for the Church and the slave, possible, under existing circumstances.

"Resolved, That the prudent, but decided stand taken by the Baltimore Conference on the subject of Slavery at the last General Conference, and its present determination to prevent the introduction of that great evil into its ministry, entitle it to the grateful regard of this Conference, and justify the hope that the Slavery yet within its territory will, in due time, disappear under the social and evangelical influences now affecting it."

In view of this and other facts of a similar nature, I have no longer a shadow of doubt that the nominal churches of the United States are in deed and truth the bulwark of Slavery. They stand between it and the reforming spirit of the age. They pervert the Gospel of Liberty, and torture it into a defence and sanction of Slavery. Is it not time for every friend of God and man to speak out in regard to their criminal position?

Now, having such plain matter of facts before you, I conceive it will take even *your* logical powers to show how such conduct can be considered consistent with truth and justice. In holding fellowship with the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, know you not that you are bound to receive into your pulpits and communion the members of the man-stealing Baltimore Conference? Nay, but you have already done so, inasmuch as you have received the men who endorsed the infamous Baltimore resolutions. But you say, as do all the preachers, "These men are from free States and Conferences, that do not hold slaves." Then you stand in this position,—you will not hold fellowship with the thief in person, but you have no objection to hold fellowship with the thief's companion, and be partaker in his wickedness! This is an important matter. *Three millions of souls*, for whom Christ died, are in worse than Egyptian bondage, not permitted to learn the name of the God who made them, and many of them under the cruel lash of the Methodist class-leader. Reflect upon your position; and say to the North as you have said to the South, "No FELLOWSHIP WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!"—I am, Reverend Sir, yours, respectfully.

W. SHORTT,

DUBLIN, 15th August, 1846.

Communications.

Letter from B. Webb.

To the readers of the Anti-Slavery Standard:

I have nothing more to say to the editor of this paper; he has charged me with wilful perversion of Mr. Garrison's words. I *think* I have not perverted his words. I know I have not *wilfully* done it; and have therefore peacefully asked him to prove the fact or take back the accusation. He refuses or neglects to do either, which places him out of the limits of honourable controversy.

Some difficulty has grown up between the editors of the Freeman and Standard about the quality of my principles. This they must settle between themselves; when my practice is attacked, I will defend it, but while the custom exists of ascribing impure motives and bad principles where there is no corresponding action, I shall be content to bear my share of the evil without repining. It is a custom tending to level all distinction in character, and while it prevails it will be impossible for the purest and best man that ever lived to escape abuse.

Principles and actions follow each other, like cause and effect. It is as impossible for bad principles to produce good practice as it is for a corrupt tree to bear good fruit. As this is an unerring rule, it becomes necessary for the peace and harmony of society, to judge men by their practice,—by their overt acts,—in which there can be no mistake, and leave every one perfectly free and unaccountable to his fellow-man for his principles or motives to action.

"For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right."

B. WEBB.

WILMINGTON, Del. 9th mo. 14, 1846.

Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition.

No. II. [CONCLUDED.]

By an estimate recently made, England, the greatest commercial country in the world, only exceeds this country in tonnage of ships a few thousand tons. Now, add to this fact the gigantic strides of this infant Republic in agriculture, which has brought the mother-country to our doors begging for bread, the increase of her commerce, and, as we shall hereafter show, that the increase of coloured seamen most assuredly keeps pace with the prosperity of the country, the unconstitutional Southern laws to the contrary, notwithstanding; because, whilst they do prohibit coloured seamen coming into their ports sailing from Northern ports, they *do not* prohibit and imprison coloured seamen when sailing from one Southern port to another, so that whilst the Charleston, Mobile, and New-Orleans ports are closed against us, it opens a market and gives employment to Southern coloured seamen. It does not reduce the number of coloured seamen, whilst it may throw them out of employment in the Southern trade. Will the North see to it, how this invidious distinction is made between her commercial interests and that of the South?

By a careful estimate I have prepared a table of the number of coloured seamen sailing from the principal and minor ports in the United States, viz:

Coloured Seamen sailing from port of	New-York,	2200
" " " " "	Boston,	1000
" " " " "	Baltimore,	600
" " " " "	Philadelphia,	500
" " " "	all other ports,	1700
Total,		6000

There are eighty vessels of war in the United States Navy, including ships of the line, first and second class frigates, sloops, brigs, schooners, steamers, and storeships. Of this number we must also include vessels in the Revenue service, (say about twenty,) making one hundred vessels of all classes. The highest number of coloured men on board the Pennsylvania at one time was eighty, and on board the North Carolina, fifty. The number of coloured men on board the other vessels varies according to the size and number of guns they carry. But it is not a regulated rule in the service to apportion coloured men according to the rate of the vessel. Though a successful motion was made and passed in Congress in 1843, to exclude coloured seamen from the naval service, *waiters* and *musicians* excepted, yet, to my certain knowledge, no regard is paid to this law. Subsequent to the passage of this law, in fitting ships for the African station, the Secretary of the Navy issued a *special* order to ship a larger proportion of coloured men than usual. Then again, another rule is to ship one coloured to every twenty white seamen; but in either case it is at the discretion of the Secretary of the Navy.

Of the one hundred vessels of war, there are eighty-five in actual service, in commission, or as receiving ships, and including those in the revenue service. The number of coloured seamen in the naval service, as near as can be ascertained, (the largest vessels having eighty, and the smallest five, would give us an average of eighteen, or an aggregate of fourteen hundred and thirty, deducting the fractions,) in round numbers, is *fourteen hundred*.

In the absence of official documentary evidence, I venture to offer so much of this table as being correct. But in order to satisfy the most scrupulous, I will endeavour to remove any objections upon which they may hang a doubt. I have laboured seven years in this city in behalf of coloured seamen, during which time I have closely investigated every fact in connection with this interesting subject, and whenever a vessel of war arrived in this or other ports, more especially those within my personal knowledge, I have endeavoured to ascertain the number of coloured seamen on board each vessel. In doing this, I have generally selected the most intelligent of the crew, either white or coloured men, of undoubted veracity, who have kindly furnished me with all the necessary information.

In the summer of 1839, when the North Carolina arrived from her last cruise, her complement of men being eight hundred, there were fifty coloured men. So with regard to the Independence, in 1840, the Ohio, Delaware, Columbus, and the Pennsylvania, (the latter having eighty coloured men.) All of these were ships of the line. Then there also arrived at this port several frigates, sloops-of-war, brigs, and schooners, having on board from forty, thirty, twenty-five, eighteen, down to five coloured men in each of the several classed vessels. Of this number discharged from the navy, one-third, and in some cases one-half have boarded at the Coloured Sailors' Home. I think I am safe in my estimated table; if not, the errour can only be detected at *head quarters*. Will the Secretary of the Navy correct the table if wrong?

Statistics of coloured men sailing from the different whaling ports in the United States, with a table of the number of ships sailing from each port, viz:

TABLE.

Ports.	Ships, Brigs, and Schrs.	Coloured Men.
New Bedford,	252	1,008
Dartmouth,	2	8
Falmouth,	4	16
Fairhaven,	49	196
Mattapoiselt,	11	44
Sippican,	5	20
Wareham,	5	20
Westport,	11	44
Nantucket,	73	292
Edgertown,	10	40
Holmes' Hole,	4	16
Provincetown,	23	92
Plymouth,	5	20
Boston,	2	8
Fall River,	7	28
Freetown,	2	8
Portsmouth,	1	4
Providence,	9	36
Bristol,	6	24
Newport,	12	48
Warren,	24	96
Lynn,	3	12
Salem,	2	8
Somerset,	1	4
Mystic,	17	68
New London,	77	308
Stonington,	27	108
Sag Harbour,	63	252
Greenport,	11	44
New Suffolk,	2	8
New-York,	1	4
Cold Spring,	8	32
Bridgeport,	3	12
Total number of ships,	783	Total no. of col'd. men, 2,980

In the table for coloured seamen engaged in the whaling service, I have given the average number to each vessel. Some ships manning five boats, very often have from ten to twelve coloured men, second and third mates, three boat-steerers, five foremast hands, and cook, and steward. There is not that nice distinction made in the whaling as there is in the naval and merchant services; a coloured man is only known and looked upon as a MAN, and is promoted in rank according to his ability and skill to perform the same duties as the white man; his opportunities for accumulating pecuniary means—investing his earnings in whaling capital, is equally the same. Hence the necessity, and in fact it is to the INTEREST of the whaling merchants, to keep constantly in their employ a large proportion of coloured men. Very few ships carry less than six coloured men, while many have more. In fact, there can be no doubt about the actual number of coloured men engaged in the whaling service; the table may vary, but in my opinion, not enough to effect it materially. The number of ships are correct, and from my knowledge of whaling, having performed one voyage myself, and resided eleven years in New Bedford, one of the largest whaling ports in the Union, I think I am nearly correct. If in errour even in this, I stand corrected.

The number of coloured men engaged in the international navigation cannot be less than three thousand six hundred. For instance, there are four thousand canal boats on the inland transportation in different sections of the Union: add to this the number of steamboats on the Lakes, the Mississippi, and other rivers of the South-western States; say one thousand—allow the number of coloured men to the one thousand steamers to be fourteen hundred, and this would give us five thousand coloured men engaged in the internal canal and steam navigation, or an average of one to each vessel.

RECAPITULATION.

Coloured men in the	merchant service,	6,000
" "	naval "	1,400
" "	whaling "	2,900
" "	internal navigation,	5,000
Total,		15,300

The estimated marine of the United States according to Capt. Thomas B. Sullivan, (exclusive of the internal navigation) is 150,000, including the naval and merchant service, the whale, cod, and mackerel fisheries. Of this number, 25,000, or 16 2-3 per cent. are Americans, the remainder being foreigners representing every tribe under heaven. Allowing the ratio of coloured seamen to be 1-15 of the estimated marine, (and this, I am informed on good authority, is the common ratio in this case,) it would give us ten thousand now in service, excluding those engaged in internal navigation. There is, however, one important fact which I wish to notice; of the one hundred and fifty thousand seamen in the United States, only twenty-five thousand are Americans. We claim one-half of the American seamen in the merchant and naval service, &c. &c. to be coloured men.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, SEPT. 24, 1846.

New Book of Fallacies.

The experience of the last fifteen years will amply qualify any Abolitionist of that standing, to make a book which shall be no less valuable to the present age and country, than Bentham's book of fallacies has been to Great Britain and to the past century: and as the twentieth century in America unfolds a different state of things, with a corresponding novelty in the forms of temptation, as well as hitherto unknown opportunities for committing

"The oldest sins the newest kind of ways,"

the list of popular fallacies may be made much longer now than it was left by the Great Utilitarian.

A few are here subjoined as specimens of what the book of fallacies might contain, that should be calculated for the American meridian.

It is "a great country we live in," as everybody knows: so large that an act done at one end of it, stands but little chance of being seen in its true light at the other extremity. What an opportunity does this give the man who wishes to shelter himself behind a fallacy! Then again, it is "a *free* country we live in,"—at least to all but slaves, and those in bonds as bound with them—the Abolitionists: and what a glorious opening does that fact afford to those who, being foolish and wicked, desire to escape the discredit of it!—for in a *great, free* land like this, the cry of liberty can be raised in favour of delinquency, upon almost any occasion, by those who hate the restraints of principle.

In these grounds a fallacy has taken root, and grown to gigantic proportions, which may be named THE FALLACY OF NOMENCLATURE:—the vain idea that calling black white or white black will make them so.

This was the thicket into which the early opponents of the American Anti-Slavery Society ran for shelter. Squadrons after squadrons of them have been dislodged from it, yet every fresh host of them have naturally run thither for protection; from Joseph Tracy, of the Boston Recorder, the early antagonist of the Liberator, to the later enemies of the cause, who would disguise their hostility to Freedom, under the name of Fourierism. Both these classes of persons,—for among spiritualists and the materialists, alike, are to be found opposers of the Anti-Slavery movement,—are enabled to make a temporary stand against it by the magic that is in a name:—both taking refuge in the FALLACY OF NOMENCLATURE. According to their vocabulary, criminals are slaves—the free people of colour are slaves—labourers for wages are slaves—the subjects of monarchical Governments are slaves;—and hence four different foundations for as many distinct lines of argument to prove that there is no difference between right and wrong!—to show that the people of the Northern States, the whole British people, and above all, the members and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society, are guilty of the grossest inconsistency in demanding the immediate abolition of Slavery. To *think* is fatal to this description of fallacy: a definition is its instant death. For however just the condemnation that attaches to the criminal code, the prejudice of colour, or the present social or governmental systems, they cannot be called Slavery in any sense in which the word is used in this country, and Slavery is neither the discretionary authority of man over man,—(as in criminal codes and arbitrary systems of government,) the injustice of man to man, (as in the hatred of whites against blacks,) nor the use of man by man, (*exploitation de l'homme—sur l'homme*, as in the present social system) it is the ownership of man as property: *that*, and nothing else, is Slavery. And this short definition, like a two-edged sword, puts to flight with a single blow the two pro-slavery hosts that assail the American Anti-Slavery Society,—one declaring that its basis is too broad, and the other affirming that its fundamental principles are too narrow. Both these divisions are routed by the destruction of the poor defence in which they trusted—THE FALLACY OF NOMENCLATURE.

Another style of fallacy,—one that bids fair in the New World to take the place which the fallacy of authority held in the Old, is the FALLACY OF EFFRONTERY. It is indeed no other than the fallacy of authority, in the hands of a [illegible] with the natural additions which his character gives. [illegible] a one may truly say of this, "it is a fallacy of [illegible]on." When a great slaveholder or a great politician [illegible] terms under the American Constitution are synonymous) calls for troops to fight out the Mexican war for the sake of *peace*, we have a notable example of this fallacy of effrontery.

As the Anti-Slavery cause advances, the difficulty of bearing it up and bearing it onward, is more and more felt by its supporters, especially by those who embraced it without calculation, impulsively, or with mistaken calculation, hypocritically. The fallacy of effrontery is the readiest resource of all who forsake it and flee in the hour of trial. Does a man embezzle its property? He thought the Anti-Slavery Society likely to mis-spend its funds; and the disinterested creature preferred to run all the risks of what counting-houses vulgarly call swindling, and honest men in general, theft, rather than to suffer the society to retain possession of its own. Does another man in its service attempt in vain to embezzle public property in like manner? His rage and mortification at the defeat are set forth by himself as a noble individualism that cannot brook dictation. Convict such a man of his dishonesty, and he will complain that his freedom is interfered with. Refuse to give him facilities to injure the cause, and the men he has wronged, and he will complain that he is "gagged." Tell him you cannot trust him because he has cheated you, and he will complain of your narrowness and intolerance. Confess a partiality for the Decalogue, though as a mere convenience for the transaction of business, and he will call you a sectarian. He hates the very *word* "commandment," for to acknowledge principles and duties that are obligatory, would be to fetter himself. Tell him that as long as he lies and steals, you will have nothing to do with him, and he cries out upon you for a bigot, with all the fallacy of effrontery and nomenclature combined; for

When he bawls liberty license he means;
Since who loves *that*, must first be wise and good.

Friendship, fidelity, mutual helpfulness, the might of union, are mere devils' cantrips, now that he has become untrustworthy. He cannot see how it is that the word of honest men should go so far. He affirms that it is all along of some machinery that they make use of. He is ready to deny that instance of the concentrated wisdom of nations,—"a man is known by the company he keeps,"—for the sake of proving himself to be an Abolitionist while deserting the Abolitionists; and he labours to have it thought that there is no difference between the American Anti-Slavery Society and the pro-Slavery Church, and would have it believed that the Executive Committee are equivalent to the Inquisition.

Such persons remind those who are learned in the legends of the backwoods, of the drunken Kentuckian, excusing himself to the native tribes for the murder of their chieftain's son:—"really thought, when he shot at him, that it was a bear." "Sir," replied the dignified father, too wise to make too many words with his unworthy antagonist,—"if the white man *really thought* it was a bear, going up a tree with red moccasins on, I have done."

Many more of these fallacies are in process of development as the cause advances,—the fallacy of confusion, the fallacy of prolongation, the fallacy of indirection, &c. But enough for the present.—M. W. C.

The Chronotype and Mr. Birney.

The Chronotype copies the brief remarks of the Standard, made not long since under the caption of "The Ingratitude of Party," on its own announcement that Mr. Birney would not probably again be the nominee of the third party for President. In the first seven lines of his reply our amiable and courteous cotemporary contrives to say that we have been guilty of a "terrible lie,"—"one of the tallest whoppers"—and "a pretty smart specimen of political lying." Whether he really thinks this, or whether we are only to consider it as a specimen of his exuberant and elegant fancy we are at a loss to know. At any rate he fails to tell us wherein we have been guilty of such a shocking amount of falsehood, except that he denies that the Chronotype is the Liberty party, and if it is, that it is ungrateful. Now, though we have no very magnificent notion of the Liberty party, we should be sorry to do it so much injustice as to say that nothing is left of it but the Chronotype; that would be insult to a falling foe. And as to the "ingratitude" in dropping Mr. Birney—that is a mere matter of opinion, which does not necessarily imply falsehood. However, whether the Chronotype is right in regard to us or not, we are quite sure that that paper has contrived to let slip a truth it did n't mean to: it has some unpleasant memories. The editor sees in our allusion to the "shocking mismanagement" of half a dozen years ago, "only the streak" of his share in certain transactions the recollection of which [illegible] humouredly. He will be thought the better of when he remembers to repent of it.

We had feared that Mr. Birney is not in good health, but we must still venture to believe that his—for his party—unfortunate blunders during the last presidential canvass have something to do with the determination of the party to nominate a new man. Robust health, we should think, would hardly be an indispensable qualification for a third party presidential candidate. Indeed, a candidate of that party may as well be a dead man as a live one. All that is wanted of him is to have his name in a few newspapers and on a few ballots, and as for anything beyond that he may as well be in Manilla as Michigan. Indeed we think the wisest plan would be to try their hand again at an "*ideal man*," and to guard against the possibility of a second disappointment, be sure that he has no other than an ideal existence. Such an one would serve their purpose, and might save some trouble in the selection of a candidate, and possibly some heart-burnings.

The editor of the Chronotype, we have no doubt, could manufacture something of this sort which would meet with universal acceptance. We judge from the following specimen of his powers in this way:

We know something of the "great men" in this country, having read their writings and heard their crack. We have seen Webster, Van Buren, Clay, the Iron man, Calhoun, Benton—who, without so much polish, is greater than any of them,—and we don't say it rashly, but because we know it,—James G. Birney is an abler, as well as a better man, than either of them. He may not be abler in physical powers—he may not have so much one-sided ability—but he has a clearer and better balanced intellect than any of them. He is almost infinitely better able to govern himself, and consequently to administer Government justly over others. But for one lack, he would have been among them, head and shoulders taller than all—he lacks *ambition*.

This is what may be called "putting it on, not with a *trowel*, but with a *hod*." But we agree with the *Chronotype's* estimate of his favourite in one thing—"he lacks *ambition*." His willingness to accept the democratic nomination to the Michigan Legislature, has lost him his place in large capitals under the "Cedar of Lebanon," in the third party papers. However, we are glad that what is left of the party has that much respect for consistency.

We copy the following article from the Boston Courier, with a great deal of pleasure. We are very glad that the rebuke of Mr. Hillard should have come from an editor of his own political sentiments. It will rescue it from the charge of harshness. Mr. Buckingham is precisely the man to feel an honest disgust at seeing any one stand hat in hand waiting to receive the orders of public opinion, as to what he may or may not safely say. It is very gratifying to see so able a journalist as Mr. Buckingham taking ground boldly in favour of disunion. He is a man of strong prejudices, but he possesses in an eminent degree two qualities of which there is a plentiful lack among our editors—honesty of purpose and manly frankness. His is the only one of the four leading daily newspapers in Boston that has not been enlarged in superficial inches, but it needs *spiritual* enlargement less than all of them put together:

THE VALUE OF THE UNION.—In a note to the editor of the Post, correcting an erroneous report of his remarks at the Whig Convention, Mr. G. S. Hillard says:—"I said that the annexation of Texas had, in my opinion, given us a moral right to calculate the value of the Union. I then went on to say that the value of the Union was still, however, far too great to be calculated." We wish Mr. Hillard had gone a little farther, and stated wherein this *far-too-great-to-be-calculated* value consists; and we hope he will avail himself of the use of some of the newspaper presses,—ours is always at his service,—to impart such desirable information to his fellow-citizens. For our own part, we see no advantage that the free States derive from the Union. To the slaveholders, we admit, it may be of value; for it gives them the supremacy in the national Legislature, and consequently they make just such laws as they desire for their own peculiar interests, without regard to the interests of the free States. Their Senators and Representatives in Congress, with the aid of the dough-faces which they can always command from the North, never fail to secure a constitutional majority in their favour, [illegible] question affecting Southern policy; and they [illegible] to extend the area of Slavery over all the [illegible] western regions of North America, [illegible] people of the free States of the income of their labour, and make them dependent on the slave-labour of the South, or on the pauper-labour of Europe. It is easy enough for a man whose property consists of negroes, who never brushed his own coat, and who does not know how to help himself to a draught of water, to tell what the value of the Union is to *him*, and it is wise in him to defer the calculation; but Mr. Hillard is not such a man, and we should think he might have seen enough of the vaunted chivalry and *generosity* of the South, to be pretty nearly ready to take his slate and pencil, and begin to figure up the account of profit and loss. We are sorry to learn from his own hand, that he thinks the value too great to be calculated. What! "A soldier and afraid!" Why this enormous mountain, whose magnitude frightens his imagination, is less than a mole-hill—a mere shadow. It has none of the properties of matter—neither length nor breadth—neither shape nor solidity—we had almost said, no *colour*; but it has the colour of all shadows. It is *black*, all over black. The blessed sun sheds no ray of light upon it, to relieve the terrour of its imaginary existence. "The value of the Union far too great to be calculated!" Too *small*, you should have said. Put down your decimal point,—place fifty cyphers at the right,—multiply them by the same number of cyphers, and the product will give an approximation to the sum required.

It is preposterous folly for Northern men to talk of the value of the Union. They must make up their minds to one of two things:—they must submit to be governed by slave-owners, or break up this Union, which operates so unequally, and has already destroyed every fragment of political equality. If to talk of the latter appal the hearts of our young men, and shatter the nerves of the old ones, let them choose the former, and forever hereafter hold their peace. There is no alternative, and the sooner you hoist the flag of dissolution, or bend your knees for a negro-driver to straddle your back and tickle your sides with his whip, the sooner you will cease to feel the solicitude and responsibility of a FREE MAN.

B. Webb's Letter.

In another column will be found a third letter from B. Webb, addressed to the readers of this paper. We think we may safely leave the question between us to the righteous judgment of our readers, and will submit with the best grace we can to the excommunication from "the limits of honourable controversy," wherewith we are visited. It is the usual fate of those who are so unfortunate as to be in the right. This reflection, and the fact that the assumption of the right of dictating to our readers what they shall think in this matter is in itself somewhat ridiculous, we confess makes it possible for us to bear up under this dispensation.

But let us state clearly how the case stands. B. Webb accuses Mr. Garrison of having given utterance to a most atrocious and wicked wish. We denied that he ever held such a sentiment, and declared that it could only be attributed to him through a wilful perversion of his words. Now we might have done this, relying merely upon the character which Mr. Garrison has established in the sixteen years of his public life as a man of great humanity, and having a most tender regard for human life; and we maintain that a candid and generous mind which has long known him would not believe that certain badly chosen words of his, uttered in the first moment of surprise and grief, really expressed his true feeling, if a meaning could be found in them which would give the lie to his whole past life. But we did not base our assertion simply upon this knowledge of his character. We have his own authority, clearly and unequivocally expressed to the world, for denying that he had ever held such a sentiment as this which is attributed to him, and that his words of course were never intended to convey such. Now, as we do not believe that Mr. Garrison would lie, and as we do believe him the best authority for his own meaning, we declare without hesitation, that he has never given utterance to the murderous sentiment of which he is accused by Mr. Webb, for he never entertained it; and therefore his words have been perverted to convey what he never meant they should. Mr. Webb is wise in turning from the defence of himself to an attack upon the editor of the Standard. The most acute sophistry would be unable to make out anything else for him than that he has misrepresented Mr. Garrison's sentiments by "a wilful perversion of his words." We have proved Mr. Garrison's meaning by his own words; we have Mr. Webb's acknowledgment that he had seen this evidence; he still, however, persists in his own version, and in disbelieving Mr. Garrison's solemn assurances. If this is not wilful, and to the last degree ungenerous—to use no harsher term—then is there no meaning in the words.

Mr. Webb mistakes in supposing there is any difference between the *Freeman* and *Standard* as to the "quality of his principles." The *Freeman* says they are bad, and that he, though a very good man, is generally found in the company to which his principles naturally lead him. We know nothing of all this. We only know that we have never seen him except as the enemy of the Anti-Slavery cause as we understand it. We care nothing for his principles when such are its fruits, though we are willing to accept the philosophy in his case, which he so signally fails of making a right use of in Mr. Garrison's—namely, to judge of his principles by his practice.

But enough. It matters little what Mr. Webb is, or is not. It is only of consequence that he be defeated in his efforts to injure the cause and the character of Mr. Garrison in the estimation of that large number of our readers who reside in Eastern Pennsylvania and Delaware.

An American Methodist in England.

We direct attention to an article on our first page, taken from the Jersey (Eng.) Penny Record, on the pro-slavery character of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North. The article was prompted by the attempt of the Rev. Wm. Livesey, from the Providence Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to palm himself upon his English brethren as an Abolitionist. It is another instance of the clear-sightedness of English Abolitionists, and of their sagacity in detecting spurious anti-slavery coin. Whatever might be the character of Mr. Livesey's church relations, we assure the author of this timely expose, that a more deserving subject of it could not have been selected from among the Methodist ministry in the North than this same Wm. Livesey. For obsequiousness to the arrogant claims of the Bishops in the persecutions and oppressions with which they have visited the Anti-Slavery preachers in that church for years past, he has scarce an equal: and so far as we know, the sin of having opened his mouth for the dumb, or of having incurred the displeasure of his Bishop for any act of fidelity to the cause of suffering humanity, was never laid to his charge.—o.

☞ We find the following paragraphs copied from the *St. Lucia Palladium* of the 15th ultimo. Perhaps the North will one day insist upon having the same privileges accorded to her which are now yielded to the demands of Great Britain. We are glad at all events that the English Government will not submit to the overseeerism of the slave-power:

FROM ST. LUCIA.—"It was in February last that we published a letter from Capt. McLean, of the brig Susan King, setting forth the grievous hardship to which British vessels were subjected on arriving at Wilmington and the other ports of the slaveholding States of America, in being obliged to land and maintain in prison all such of their crews as happened not to be white men. The atrocious conduct of the authorities at Wilmington, in regard to the crew of the Susan King, as represented by Capt. McLean, was of so extraordinary a character, that some of our readers were inclined to view it as improbable or exaggerated.

"Fortunately, however, for the liberties of these British subjects that were in future to direct their enterprise to the ports of the United States, there was one here in an influential position, with whom that straightforward and manly narration was not to be capriciously thrown aside, unenquired into or unheeded. No sooner had the statement appeared in the columns of the *Palladium*, than Capt. McLean was called up by his Excellency, Col. Torrens, and closely interrogated upon the circumstances of the case.

"The matter was then referred to the Home Government by his Excellency; and the result has been a dispatch from Lord Aberdeen, showing that the subject had received the attention of the Government, and that the British Minister at Washington has been instructed to see the oppressive restrictions complained of effectually abolished.

"Since writing the above, we have been informed that the effect of Lord Aberdeen's interference has been already practically shown at Wilmington. The brigantine Evelina, which arrived a few days back from that port, has a portion of her crew black or coloured men; while the vessel lay at Wilmington, they were allowed to land at all times without molestation."

A Fugitive Slave Case.

Nothing that has occurred recently has shown how far in advance of the rest of the country Massachusetts is on the Slavery question. A New Orleans packet recently arrived there with a slave on board, whom the captain had discovered when too late to return. The poor fellow, however, was landed on an island in Boston harbour, the captain intending to take him thence when he sailed for New Orleans. The slave, however, escaped to the main land, was pursued, and retaken. The crowd which collected at his capture in the public street were satisfied with a charge of theft. But the real truth soon leaked out, a writ was issued, and the Sheriff with a posse went down the harbour in pursuit, in the meantime the captain had shipped him on board another New Orleans packet, then standing out of the harbour. The steamboat with the Sheriff on board gave chase, but could not overtake her. So the poor wretch will receive the reward of his love of liberty in the caliboose in New Orleans, in a few days.

Such cases as this are occurring daily in other ports of the Northern States, but excite no interest except among Abolitionists. A passing remark is all the notice the New-York Daily press deigned to give to just such an occurrence in our own harbour a few days since. We are glad to hear that a good deal of excitement was caused in Boston by this case. It shows us, a friend says, that "our cause travels in *pieces*, though not as a whole."

A Carolinian Corrected.

We learn that a clergyman from South Carolina has recently been in Boston soliciting subscriptions to a Bethel for seamen in Charleston! Southern impudence is proverbial, but this object is one in behalf of which we should suppose a Charleston man would hardly have chosen to visit Boston. We are not sure, however, that the Southerner did not reason correctly in supposing that a people who would submit quietly to the indignity which Massachusetts has suffered at the hands of her sister State, would not dare to refuse any demand, no matter how insolent, that could be made upon them. But we are glad to know that the reverend emissary did in one instance receive the rebuke he merited. He called upon one of the wealthiest and most respectable merchants, never suspected of any taint of abolitionism, who, in reply to the demand for money, asked if they still threw coloured seamen into jail on their arrival at Charleston? The reply was, "Yes, we still think it best to do so." "Well," answered the Bostonian, "when you can tell me that such laws are abolished, I may help you to a Bethel, and *not till then*."

Anti-Slavery Meeting.

On Sunday evening last OLIVER JOHNSON delivered an address on the moral and religious aspect of the Anti-Slavery reform, in the German Reformed Church, in Forsyth street. The audience though not large, was respectable as to numbers, and from the earnest attention given to the discourse, we infer that the sturdy and wholesome truths uttered were not without their effect. The audience was evidently composed of persons who had heard little on the subject, and, at the close a wish was expressed for a repetition of the meeting.

The meetings in King street are continued every Monday evening, with evident signs of their good effects.

We are glad to find by the following, which we copy from the Boston correspondent of the Pennsylvania Freeman, that the voice of conscience may be still heard in the old Bay State in spite of the cotton wrappages which hem it in:—

"I was passing by a mechanic's shop to-day," said the friend to whom I am indebted for the fact, "and noticing that the premises were surrounded with a quantity of suspicious looking wooden machinery in process of manufacture—'What!' said I to him, 'are you making *these* things?' 'Unluckily, I am,' he replied; 'but only this one lot. They 'll never get another order of the kind executed by me. I thought, when I undertook this that it was for bread carts.' *They were the pontoons ordered by Government for the passage of Mexican rivers.* I expressed my satisfaction at his determination. 'I can tell you more,' he continued. 'A workman whom I engaged for this job, turned his back upon my shop, refusing even to enter, when he saw what the job was.' Of course my satisfaction was increased. 'I can tell more still,' he went on. 'The mechanics in Middlesex county are refusing these orders also. I heard of one in Cambridge, yesterday, who refused them.'

How long will it be before those men will find out that it is as easy to refuse to constitute the Government that orders the pontoons and organizes the troops to use them, as it is to refuse to manufacture the pontoons themselves? The kingdom of Heaven is like a grain of mustard-seed; and from such small beginnings does the revolution ever grow that overturns "the grey thrones of old dominions," and makes the right paramount. This slaveholding Union is like the Roman lictor's sheaf of rods. Let one only be drawn out and the fasces cease to be a terror—the reign of the scourge is over.

ERRATA.—In last week's paper, in the article on the "Respectable Daily," the priater has made us say, of Mr. Phillips—"though he does practice at the bar." We said "does *not*," &c.

In the letter of the Boston Correspondent, in the last paragraph, line 15th from the bottom, for "*unpopular* for him to think of such a thing;" read, "*impossible* for him to think of such a thing."

THE UNIVERSE.—Our attentive and obliging friends in England have sent us by the last steamer, a variety of papers containing reports of Anti-Slavery meetings.—Among them is the Universe, a new London weekly paper, containing a very full report of the meeting of the Anti-Slavery League, from which we shall make some extracts next week.

A WORTHY ANSWER.—A meeting was to be held in Faneuil Hall, on Tuesday evening last to consider the recent fugitive slave-case, which has caused a good deal of excitement among the people of Boston. Hon. John Quincy Adams was waited upon by a committee with a request that he would preside at the meeting. His reply is said to have been: "Yes; and I say to you in the words of Gerry, if I had but a half-hour to live, and that was the half-hour, it should be freely given"!

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Letters from Henry C. Wright.

LONDON, August 25th, 1846.

DEAR FRIEND:—The effect of Mr. Garrison's efforts in this city, in connection with George Thompson and others, has been very manifest. Many are interested in the movements of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and I am persuaded that, with little exertion, the Anti-Slavery League which has been formed, would carry with it the sympathy of the great mass of the people of Great Britain; for the Broad-street Committee have, by their course the past few years, forfeited the confidence of the nation. They have done nothing, and will do nothing, to aid the overthrow of *American* Slavery—they have rather done what they could to blind the people to the true state of the Anti-Slavery controversy in that country. They are doing what they can to sustain that slaveholding compact and Constitution. I have done all I could the past two years, to get the people of Britain to aid in bringing about the dissolution of the American Union; and Mr. Garrison is now doing the same. The people here can and will aid us, in driving slaveholders from this, their last refuge. *Have they a right to do it?* This question is and will be contested. I believe they have a right, by all moral and bloodless means, to seek the overthrow of that Government, as the foe of liberty the world over. A more implacable foe to the cause of human rights in Europe, than that slaveholding Republic does not exist. It makes the righteous cause of freedom a stench in the nostrils of all her crowned despots; for a greater tyrant exists not than the American slaveholder.

Our meeting at the Crown and Anchor tavern, had a happy effect. One incident at it was amusing, as illustrative of the difference of opinion here and in America respecting coloured people. *A Doctor Collier*, from New-York, arose in the audience to defend slaveholders. He blustered, as slaveholders usually do; and took occasion to allude to Frederick Douglass, who had just made a most thrilling speech. He began a sentence by saying: "*That coloured man, Douglass*"——in an instant the whole audience were upon their feet, calling to him, "*Mister Douglass*"—"say *Mr.* Douglass." He began again—"*that coloured man, Douglass*"—"*Mr.* Douglass," shouted the audience"—"say *Mr.* Douglass, or sit down." Thus the audience insisted that he should say "*Mister* Douglass" or take his seat. He would not say "*Mister* Douglass," and had to take his seat. The people now begin to understand the language of scorn and contempt used in America towards the oppressed; and the *Cozes*, the *Pattons*, the *Beechers*, and all others who tolerate the negro pew, will ere long be driven from English society.

The other day, Garrison, Douglass, and Thompson, went to see Clarkson. The noble old man put into Garrison's hand a manuscript for publication, on the Dissolution of the American Union—taking the *No Union* ground. Clarkson gave Garrison a warm and hearty welcome. No efforts of Broad street have succeeded in alienating him

Saturday eveing last, we spent with Wm. Lovett, Henry Vincent, and others—leaders in the free suffrage movement. They are going to get up a remonstrance from the labouring classes in Britain to the labourers in America, respecting their subserviency to slaveholders, who are the working-man's deadliest enemies. They say they can get several hundred thousands of subscribers to it. It is certain the labouring people of this kingdom are ready, heart and hand, to join in any right and Christian movement to effect the abolition of American Slavery. They see that their own freedom depends upon it.

Last Sunday we all spent with Wm. Ashurst, at his lovely spot at Muswell Hill. Mr. Fox, the Anti-Corn Law orator, and James Haughton, were with us. The dissolution of the American Union, as the gigantic foe of liberty; the right of the British people to promote this object, and the duty of all friends of freedom to organize a league against slaveholding governments, were prominent topics of our deliberations. I hope the world will conspire against this great enemy of God and man, and that all who acknowledge allegiance to that hypocritical, slaveholding compact, will be regarded as traitors against the throne of Eternal Justice, and against humanity. For myself, I feel bound to disclaim the name of American. While the American flag waves over a slave-auction, and protects the slave-breeders and slave-traders of the South, I scorn to avow myself a *citizen* of that Government. I owe it no allegiance, and will pay it none. I glory in being known as an enemy to that piratical, man-imbruting, God-defying Union.

Yesterday Garrison and Douglass went to Bristol to hold two meetings there. Thence they go to Exeter to hold a meeting or two. Then they return to London to hold a meeting in the National Hall on the influence of American Slavery on the cause of liberty in England and throughout the world, and the duty of this and all nations to combine against it to hasten its complete and unconditional and immediate abolition. Then they will go north on their way to Scotland.

The EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE has been in session in Freemasons' Hall the past week. To-day they held a meeting in Exeter Hall. I had a thought to attend, but did not. It has been composed in part of man-stealers, of men who strike hands with thieves, and are partakers with adulterers. Rev. Doctor Thomas Smyth, of Charleston, South Carolina, Rev. Doctors Cox, Patton, and others, from that land of whips and chains, who are the bulwarks of Slavery, are members of it. They were indeed subjected to the ordeal of trial before a committee, as to slaveholding propensities, but they thrust themselves in. The committee concluded that, as they had adopted the resolution not to *invite* slaveholders, if they were determined to come with their abettors, they could not keep them out. So the Jameses, the Candlishes, the Cunninghams, the Noels, and all, are cheek by jowl, and hail fellows well-met with slave-breeders, slave-traders, and their abettors. It is no wonder that such a body of men should wish to keep their doings a profound secret. None but members, admitted by examination of the committee were admitted to their discussions. The members were forbidden to make any report, verbal or written, of what was said and done. No reporters for the public press were allowed to be present. Profound secrecy is over all their deliberations, except in two public meetings in Exeter Hall, that are open to the public for one shilling each. Yet that body of men, thus constituted, in part, of man-stealers and their abettors, and thus secret in all their doings, are met professedly to determine for Christendom what men ought to believe and to do. They act on the principle of the Propagandists of Rome, they meet and decide what is true and false, right and wrong, for the people, but will not allow the people to be present at their meetings, or to be informed of their doings. They meet ostensibly to deliberate on ways and means to spread Protestantism, but no Protestants are allowed to be present, except the chosen ones. They meet to promote Christian union, but no Christians are allowed to be present, to learn how, or in what, they are to be united. It is only known that all the Quakers, the Catholics, the Unitarians, the Universalists, the Restorationists, the Father Mathews, the Sturges, the Frys, the Gurneys, the Carpenters, the Mays, the Ballous, the Spears, the Bowrings, the Garrisons, the Thompsons, the Clarksons of mankind, are all excluded. Agreement in opinion is the sole test of membership. Thieves and adulterers, and their abettors, find a welcome. Candlish, Cunningham, and the Free Church ministers will not attend a funeral, or act on a School Committee with the Residuaries, as they call the ministers of the Established

Extracts from a Letter from England.

We are indebted to an esteemed friend for the following interesting extracts from a letter of a correspondent in England:

"Our hearts and heads have been very full this week, and there is no one to whom I more desire to pour out a few of my thoughts and feelings than to you,—for no one will more sympathize in them than you and Mrs. Chapman, to whom, I beg you to communicate such portion of this letter as may interest her. We have seen Garrison and Douglass! Those with whom we have so ardently sympathized, and whom we have so greatly desired to see face to face;—and now we *have* seen them, we honor and love them even more than before, and if possible feel more ardent desire to aid them in the great cause. Mrs. Chapman truly described Mr. Garrison as 'the sternest iconoclast, yet the gentlest of human beings.' I did not imagine it, but now I *understand* it. The likeness in the Liberty Bell does him great injustice, for though like in feature, it is without a beautiful benevolent smile, and a calm quietness which usually lightens his countenance. And we all feel to understand so much better his course of action than before;—in short, we know, each other as we could not have done without a personal interview. I shall esteem it a great privilege to have seen as much of him as the kindness of my friend has enabled me to do. As for F. Douglass, he seems to win all hearts, gains golden opinions, and excites deep sympathy in himself and his cause every where. He is a wonderful man! Though I am not fond of speaking of interpositions of Providence, considering, as I do, *every* event as equally directed by unerring wisdom and love, yet the appearance of such a man, so wonderfully preserved, so uniting in himself varied powers and talents, which have given him strength to surmount, knowledge to comprehend, and talent to unfold all the complicated and dreadful evils of American Slavery, must excite peculiar gratitude in those who ardently desire the extinction of it. No one but one of the oppressed race can speak with such effect on the minds of his hearers of the horrors he has witnessed and *felt*. Mr. Garrison was at Mr. Estlin's house, F. D. at Mr. Ed. Thomas's; as *we* have now no gentlemen in our family we could not put in our claim for the honor and pleasure of having them as our inmates, but through the kindness of our friends we saw a good deal of them; they were in *great* request, and it was esteemed quite a favour to be invited to meet them. They held a morning meeting at Clifton, for the elite, at which the Mayor presided, and of this you will have a faithful account in the paper which Mr. Estlin is sending to Mrs. Chapman. Mr. G's. speech was very valuable to us, making us understand better the political relations of Slavery. The evening meeting was in the large room in the centre of the city, and was attended by a large body of mechanics and shop-keepers, besides many of the higher classes.—Your heart would have been rejoiced, had you been present, to have witnessed the deep interest, the warm indignation, and the enthusiasm which were alternately expressed; and poor Douglass seemed sometimes almost overcome with the feeling that he had here free utterance to unveil the wrongs of his brethren, and that the voice which would not be heard when he spoke in his native country, would be re-echoed from our shores to his oppressors in tones of thunder. The audience went with him very cordially until he touched on the topic of Church-fellowship and slaveholders;—the Chairman, a Quaker, had borne it very patiently when he stated the coldness of the Friends, but when he alluded to the Wesleyans here holding fellowship with the slaveholding body in America, there was a general disturbance which was quelled with some difficulty; this however only arose from shame at having anything to do with it, and manifested the desire of the Wesleyans here to have no communion with those who in any way countenance the horrible system.

"This visit of our two friends, for so I am now proud to call them, has not made us detest Slavery more than we did before; that I think would be impossible, nor feel more vividly the wrongs of our colored brethren; but it has made us feel the sin of the *Northern States*, in being accomplices and accessories to the crime by their support of the slave States in commercial relations, and the large proportion of taxes, and in not protesting as one man against the shameful perversions of the true spirit of the Constitution;—also by keeping up in the intercourses of life the unchristian distinction which exists between the white and coloured races. I feel more strongly than I did before, the *duty* of all Christians to remonstrate earnestly, and to use all the moral influence they can to awaken the Northern States to a sense of their guilty participation in this heinous and crying sin; your land appears to me so polluted by it, that though it used to be the object of my most earnest desire to visit the United States, I now feel as if nothing but a clear call of *duty* or necessity would induce me to approach your States till the crime is removed from them."

Resolutions passed at an Anti-Slavery Meeting in Bristol, September 2d, 1846—George Thomas, Esq. in the Chair.

Preamble to 1st Resolution.—The cause of oppressed humanity being the cause of God, and the obligation "to remember those in bonds as bound with them" being universal in its spirit and application, and therefore not restricted by *national* arrangements or *geographical* boundaries, and as there are nearly 3,000,000 of our fellow-men in the United States, held in the galling chains of Slavery, and treated as marketable commodities:—we, as Englishmen, having washed our hands of this guilt by the emancipation of our slave population in the East and West Indies, are desirous of seeing Slavery abolished among our trans-Atlantic brethren, as well on the general grounds of our human brotherhood, as for the sake of those influences which would follow from the high moral character and political glory of the American people And it is therefore Resolved, (Proposed by Josiah Hunt, Esq. and seconded by Joseph Reynolds, Esq.) That from no unfriendly feeling towards the American nation, and with no desire to interfere with the Government and laws of another country, but with a sincere regard for her honour, safety and prosperity, we invoke America, immediately and forever to abolish her anti-republican and anti-christian slave system,—and to carry out in practice her noble declaration that "all men are created equal," and that they "are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

2d Resolution—Proposed by the Rev. G. E. Shoresby, seconded by Rev. A Stone—That in the name of Christ, and for the love of God we call upon all the churches and all the clergy in America of every denomination, to exert the important influence which their commanding position gives them, for the removal of this foul stain upon their country, and this grievous dishonour to the religion of Jesus Christ.

3d Resolution—(passed Wednesday, August 26th, present, Mr. Garrison)—Proposed by J. B. Estlin, Esq. seconded by H. C. Howells, Esq.—That this meeting having heard with deep interest the statements of Messrs. Garrison and Douglass, is desirous of expressing its cordial and fraternal sympathy with them, and the steadfast and uncompromising band of American Abolitionists, who, rising above all sectarian and party considerations, dare to carry out their principles, in the face of ridicule, persecution, and obloquy.

4th Resolution—Proposed by J. B. Estlin, Esq, seconded by J. E. Lunell, Esq.,—That having ascertained the fact that the *slave power* of America assumes the right to seize and imprison all coloured British subjects who may venture into Southern ports as *mariners* or *traders*, and in case of the costs incident to their imprisonment not being paid by themselves or their employers, to sell them at public auction as slaves, this meeting is of the opinion that this is a flagrant violation of the *Treaty of Amity* between England and America,—and that it is an outrage demanding earnest remonstrance from the British Government.

5th Resolution.—Proposed by Rev. W. James, seconded by Ed. Thomas, Esq.—supported by Elihu Burritt—That we have heard with much pleasure of the formation of the Anti-Slavery League in London, to act in co-operation with the American Anti-Slavery Society by every peaceful and righteous instrumentality; that we agree to organize an auxiliary to the League in Bristol, that we may hasten the downfall of a system, which not only disgraces America in the eyes of the world, but which, in some of its effects, is directly incompatible with the rights and liberties of the English people: that the following gentlemen be requested to act as a committee, with power to add to their number, and that R. Norris, Esq. be requested to act as secretary.

Messrs. George Thomas,	Joseph Reynolds,
John Bishop Estlin,	Robert Norris,
C. Thomas,	Robert Charleton,
Edward Thomas,	H. C. Howells,
C. H. Greenly,	J. C. Neild,
Rev. Alfred Stone,	Rev. J. E. Shoresby,
Rev. G. Armstrong,	Rev. William James.

Notes on New Books.

Papers on Literature and Art. By S. Margaret Fuller. Wiley & Putnam. 1846.

The papers contained in these volumes, which form Nos. 19 & 20 of Wiley & Putnam's Library of American books, have all been published before in newspapers and magazines, excepting one on American Literature. The title of the book is a misnomer, there being no paper on art among all the essays. The papers are mainly criticisms of modern English poetry, with which Miss Fuller seems to be thoroughly and entirely familiar. Her sympathies, in truth, are all foreign, for although she occasionally speaks of "my country," her illustrations and allusions are all abroad. In her criticisms on Mr. Longfellow's poetry, she says, "this want of the free breath of nature, this perpetual borrowing of imagery, this excessive, because superficial, culture, which he has derived from an acquaintance with the elegant literature of many nations and men, in proportion to the experience of life within himself, prevent Mr. Longfellow's verses from ever being a true refreshment to ourselves." We know of no American writer to whom such objections may be made with such peculiar force, as to Miss Fuller herself. In these papers we find repeated allusions to the nightingale which she never heard, and to the works of artists which she never saw. Rapheal and Michael Angelo drop continually from her pen, but we hear nothing from her of our own artists, excepting Alston. Mr. Longfellow spent a long time in Europe, and his mind became familiarized with the remnants of old times, and objects peculiar to the old world, as much from personal observation as from his intercourse with books. The same cannot be said of Miss Fuller, and when she accused him of mixing too much foreign matter in his compositions, she should have remembered how much of the same material she was mixing with her own without having his apology for so doing. We have never suspected Miss Fuller of being the coryphæus of the society for the promotion of mutual admiration, but we can hardly avoid the belief that she is in full communion with that amiable body, after reading her paper on American literature. She gives a high rank to Cornelius Matthew, among the poets of America, and quotes from his poems on man, largely. Of James R. Lowell, she says; "We cannot say as much for Lowell, (*though imitative, he is not mechanical*, which she has just said of Longfellow) who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends, and the disgust of more, is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poetry. His interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of true vitality in himself; his great facility of versification, has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him."

To one less inclined to act the oracle, and bid all dogs hold their voices when she opens her mouth, the grief and disgust of friends might create a doubt of the soundness of her mere opinion, or at least induce her to suspend it for awhile, particularly when it has not been demanded. But Miss Fuller never doubts, all her utterances are Orphic, her impressions are infallible criticisms, and whim stands her in place of analysis. We regret that she should have left this country under an impression that her opinion of Mr. Lowell will cause grief and disgust in her friends, because we think it would be a comfort to her to know that it has been productive of considerable merriment.

She makes some admirable remarks on journalism, and says: "The few editors of this country, who, with mental ability and resource, have combined strength of purpose and fairness of conduct, who have never merged the man and the gentleman in the partisan, who have been willing to have all sides fully heard, while their convictions were clear on one, who have disdained groundless assaults or angry replies, and have valued what was sincere, characteristic, and free, too much to bend to popular errors they feel able to correct, have been so highly prized that it is wonderful that more do not learn the run of this great opportunity." This is an admirable description of what an editor should be, and we regret that she has not named "the few" in this country who fill this character that we might subscribe for their journals without delay.

Miss Fuller's style is by no means marked or individual; it is just such as we meet in American and English periodicals every day; but as every individual must have an idiosyncrasy, we find in nearly all of her writings an oracular air, or what she called in her "Farewell" in the Tribune, "a conscious aloofness," compared with which any exhibition of critical arrogance that we ever encountered, is sheer modesty. "I have often been asked," she says, "what I think of Swedenborg;" as though she was accustomed to being appealed to as an oracle, as we believe she has been by a certain clique, whose fault it may be, rather than her own, that she indulges in this grand style. What she thinks of Swedenborg is nothing to us; if she knows anything about him we shall be glad to hear it. As is always the case with those who have no style of their own, she sometimes constructs her sentences elegantly, and sometimes awkwardly. The paper on the life of Macintosh, and that called the "Two Herberts," in this collection, are probably the best specimens of her writing; at least they are the best that we have seen, and would, of themselves, impress us with a high opinion of her capacity. That she is a woman of great mental power, of unusual attainments in literature, and remarkably free from feminine vices, no one can dispute who has any knowledge of her writings. That she is something more than all this is very evident, from the nature of the respect which has been shown for her by her personal friends; what this may be we do not know, for we have not the happiness of being ranked among them, but we are willing to believe that she is fully entitled to all the admiration that she has excited. It is evident, however, that either the excessive admiration of indiscreet friends, or some other cause, has led her to indulge in a habit of pompous assumption, which is a legitimate subject for ridicule; and she should feel grateful to friend or foe who makes her sensible of it. A week or two since we indulged in some good-natured remarks on her farewell letter in the Tribune, which have given offence to some of her friends; and the Harbinger has the ill-manners to think they were the offspring of personal ill-will. We can better afford to forgive such an imputation, than we could so far forget the rule of Christian forbearance as to be guilty of making it, and for this reason we do not accuse Miss Fuller of having been instigated by personal feelings in pronouncing so harsh and wholly gratuitous sentence on the poems of Mr. Lowell. She was not discussing the merits of American poets in general, and her mention of his name is made in an awkward and constrained manner. She has a right to her opinions, and a right to declare them, and if she thinks that Cornelius is better entitled to the consideration of the public than Mr. Lowell, we shall never quarrel with her for what appears to us a most remarkable taste in poetry; but let her speak for herself. We protest against her speaking for Posterity. If she is a priestess 'tis of the Past; she has no charge from the Future, and we do not believe that Posterity, if she should ever be heard of by that mighty Prince, will thank her for her officiousness in speaking in his name.

Altowan: or, Incidents of Life and Adventure in the Rocky Mountains. Edited by J. Watson Webb, 2 Vols. Harper & Brothers. 1846.

Altowan is a story written by an English gentleman, who travelled extensively in the far West twelve or fourteen years since. He resides on his ancestral estate at present in England, and has written these interesting volumes "for the amusement of some young friends on Long Island." Col. Webb, who edits them, vouches for the authenticity of the description of Rocky Mountain life.

Leontine: or the Court of Louis the Fifteenth. By Mrs. Maberly: New York: Harper & Brothers. 1846. No. 88, of the Library of Select Novels.

Harpers' Illuminated and Illustrated Shakspeare, Nos. 111. 112.

On Heroes, Hero Worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures. Reported with emendations and additions.—By Thomas Carlyle: New-York: Wiley & Putman. 1846.

This new issue of the most popular of the author's works bears the following characteristic imprimatur.

"This book, 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' I have read over and revised, into a correct state for Messrs. Wiley & Putnam, of New-York, who are hereby authorized, they and they only, so far as I can authorize them, to print and vend the same in the United States.

Thomas Carlyle, London, June 18, 1845.

Lectures to Women on Anatomy and Physiology, with an appendix on Water-Cure. By Mary S. Gove. Harper & Brothers, 82 Cliff street. 1846.

These are the somewhat famous lectures delivered by Mrs. Gove, some years since, and we have no doubt will be highly acceptable to a very large class of readers. The appendix on the Water-Cure will add greatly to the value of the book. Mrs. Gove is now a successful practitioner of the Water-Cure system in this city, and she informs us in her preface that many noble-minded women are now qualifying themselves to practice in other cities. We see no reason why women should not become as eminent as physicians as they always have been as nurses.

The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; with a treatise on the popular progress in English history. By John Forster. Edited by J. O. Choules. Harper & Brothers. No. 4.

The present number contains a well-engraved portrait of Oliver Cromwell, and the letter press is wholly devoted to his life, excepting only a few pages closing the biography of Henry Martin.—B.

Voices of Freedom. By John G. Whittier. Fourth and complete edition: Philadelphia. Published by Thomas Cavender. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co. New-York: Wm. Harned. 1846.

We are indebted to Mr Cavender for a copy of this new and full edition of the Anti-Slavery poems of Whittier. It contains, also, a few which are not strictly anti-slavery, besides "memorials" to several persons, all of whom have been distinguished as Abolitionists, and some as otherwise great and good men. The book is one which has long been demanded, and no other notice is needed than the announcement of its publication. As a poet Whittier has his niche assigned him,

We copy the following tribute, which will be new to almost all of our readers. It will be read with a melancholy pleasure by the many friends of its subject as a peculiarly worthy memorial of his character:

DANIEL NEALL.

I.

Friend of the slave, and yet the friend of all;
Lover of Peace, yet ever foremost, when
The need of battling Freedom called for men
To plant her banner on the outer wall;
Gentle and kindly, even in distress
Melted to more than woman's tenderness,
Yet firm and steadfast, at his duty's post
Fronting the violence of a maddened host,
Like some grey rock from which the waves are tossed!
Knowing his deeds of love, men questioned not
The faith of one whose walk and word were right—
Who tranquilly in life's great task-field wrought,
And, side by side with evil, scarcely caught
A stain upon his pilgrim garb of white:
Prompt to redress another's wrong, his own
Leaving to Time, and Truth, and Penitence alone.

II.

Such was our friend. Formed on the good old plan,
A true, and brave, and downright honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market-place,
Nor in the church with hypocritic face
Supplied with cant the lack of Christian grace:
Loathing pretence, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of while their hands were still:
And, while "Lord, Lord!" the pious tyrants cried,
Who, in the poor, their Master crucified,
His daily prayer, far better understood
In acts than words, was simply DOING GOOD.
So calm, so constant was his rectitude,
That by his loss alone we know his worth,
And feel how true a man has walked with us on earth.

SIXTH Mo. 6th, 1846.

To Correspondents.

H. R. C. To his first request we answer—yes, and will begin with the first he sent us since June 1st. Perhaps we can arrange as to the second query when we see him, which we hope to before he goes Westward.

H. M. S. of O. The letter, which we learn from friend C. has been forwarded to us, has never been received.

W. P. It is just as well *this* time. Four weeks is your rule—please remember it. Of course, "another one of the same sort," if "there are" any more left. It is high time you were attending to this matter, and having begun, do n't stop.

J. W. Shall we not see him while in N. E. He shall hear soon.

J. T. of B. The manuscripts would not be of any service to us both because too long, and because treating of subjects for which we have little room to spare. *Short* communications from the same source we should be happy to receive, as the writer has long been known to us by reputation as a man of great excellence and learning.

E. L. F. The change shall be made as directed, and the mistakes corrected. Anything will be very acceptable. The last we have taken the liberty of using twice without permission.

J. M. M'M. Has he found the publication we sent for?

This Week's Paper.

FOURTH PAGE.—*Poetry:* The Lone Chamber Window; The Reaper; Labour's Thanksgiving Hymn. *Miscellany:* The Value of Life—An Extract from a Memoir of a Gentleman of Brittany; The Hunger-Cure; Whitney's Railroad to the Pacific; Gleanings from Foreign Papers.

FIRST PAGE.—*Pro-Slavery:* The Repeal of the Sugar Duties, and its Effect upon Political Abolitionism; Duties of Masters to their Slaves. *Peculiar Institution:* A Tale of Slavery. *Selections:* Dr. A. Keith, on Slavery; Free Labour vs. Slave Labour; The Bible and Liberty; Good Reasons for not Joining the Liberty Party; Rev. Mr. Banks; Berea Anti-Slavery Society; The Cleveland Plain-Dealer; Charge of Kidnapping; Slavery Must Cease; American Slavery.

SECOND PAGE.—*Communications:* Coloured Seamen—Their Character and Condition; Letter from B. Webb.

Married,

In this city, in the M. E. Church, in John street, on the 6th instant, by Rev. H. Bangs, Mr. Wilson Comes, late of Mexico, to Miss MARGARET M. LEE, youngest daughter of Charles Lee, Esq. of Newark, N. J.

In New Bedford, September 8, Mr. EDWARD MOTLEY, jr. of Boston, to Miss ELLEN, daughter of Wm. R. Rodman, Esq.

In Lynn, September 10, by Rev. Henry Bond, of Barre, Mr. FRANCIS FOSTER, of Dedham, to Miss LUCY M. ROBINSON, daughter of Mr. Christopher Robinson, of Lynn.

Died,

On the evening of the 6th instant, at his residence in Columbia, Lancaster county, Pa. WILLIAM WRIGHT, an old and much respected citizen of that place.

At Lewes, Delaware, on Wednesday evening, the 2d instant, the Hon. DANIEL RODNEY, aged 82 years.

On Fifth-day morning, 3d instant, after a short illness, DEBORAH P. daughter of the late Alexander Shaw.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Late and Important from Mexico.

U. S. Brig of war Truxton burnt—Officers and Crew, with the exception of two Lieutenants and nineteen men, taken prisoners by the Mexicans, and marched to Tampico

By the arrival of the U. S. Revenue steamer Legare at New Orleans, from Vera Cruz, we are in receipt of letters from our correspondents as late as the 29th ult. We have but time previous to the closing of the mail to publish the following letter:

U. S. Squadron, off Point Antonia de Lizardo, August 29th, 1846.

The only event of importance which has transpired of late, is the loss of the U. S. brig Truxton, on the bar of Tuxpam river, about 130 miles northward of Vera Cruz. The intelligence was brought to the Squadron on the 19th, by the St. Mary's that ship having picked up one of the Truxton's boats with Lieutenant Berryman on board.

It appears that Capt. Carpenter, of the Truxton, wishing to get his vessel near shore to protect his boats while obtaining provisions, employed a Scotchman he had taken out of a Mexican prize to pilot him in, but who, whether from design or accident, run him aground on the 15th. On the 17th, with the exception of Lieut. Hunter and a boat's crew, she was abandoned by the officers and men, who went ashore to the number of about 60 in all, and surrendered themselves to the Mexican commandant. They were hospitably received, complimented with a ball, and left next day with a guide of four men for Tampico, about 100 miles further north,—Lieut. Hunter and his boat's crew put to sea, captured a small Mexican schooner, and came down to our present anchorage, making in all two officers (Lieut's. Hunter and Berryman) and about 20 men saved. As soon as the news was received, the Princton immediately got under weigh and proceeded to the scene of disaster.

The Truxton was found beating on the bar, bilged and completely filled with water, having about 4 feet over the berth deck. The surf was so violent on the bar that it was not until the 22d, that the boats of the Princeton could board her, when, finding it impossible to get her off or save her, she was fired and completely burned. A few of the best spars were brought off, but otherwise she is a total loss. She had been completely plundered and stript by the Mexicans before the arrival of the Princeton. Her guns were found to have been thrown overboard. The Princeton ran into 5 fathoms of water (she draws 19 1-2 feet,) and then about 1 1-2 miles distant, the swell was so heavy that a nearer approach in shoaler water was deemed dangerous.

After firing the brig, the Princeton returned immediately on the 23d to this present anchorage, about 10 miles southward of Vera Cruz. At the mouth of Tuxpam River, the Mexicans have a small force tented in sheds. The town of Tuxpam is back some eight miles distant. Several communications passed between the Princeton and shore, by flags of truce, and by them the fate of the captives was learnt.

The cutter Legare, 60 hours from Brazos, arrived on the 25th with despatches for our Commodore, supposed relating to the three month's armistice with the Mexicans. The distance from the Brazos to this place is 450 miles, and was performed under steam against strong head winds. The Legare returns to New Orleans for repairs to her boilers, which are in a bad condition, and prevents her carrying steam,

About ten days since, Santa Ana left Vera Cruz, for the city of Mexico, previous to which, however, he sent a polite invitation to our commodore to meet him on board the English frigate Endymion; the interview did not take place. A few days past, one of the English frigate boats came down in a violent rain squall with a communication for the Commodore; the head of a flag of truce was returned, but no rumor of the business has transpired. The frigate Potomac is nearly disabled by the sickness of her crew. The scurvy has broken out on board of her and she has now 140 cases of the dreadful disease. On the 27th, the cutter Forward arrived from the Balize, but brought no intelligence of importance.

General Items.

From the Tribune.

Down the Army.—Serious military riot!—Insubordination near Matamoros!—Soldiers killed and wounded!

WASHINGTON, Monday night.

Steamship Mc Kim, Capt. Page, arrived on the 5th instant, at New Orleans, from Brazos Santiago, which place she left on the 2d instant. She brought several sick volunteers and some discharged soldiers. Col. Hays, with his Rangers, had been heard from. They had scoured the country, and returned to Camargo, without doing anything of note. Most of the army remained at Camargo. A great riot among a company of Irish volunteers, and some others, took place on the night of the 31st, at an encampment opposite Barita. Guns were fired, and fifteen or twenty men are reported to have been killed or wounded. Besides the killed and wounded seen or shown, eight or ten are said to have been pushed from a steamboat (lying by the shore) overboard, and were drowned. The Colonel of the Georgia regiment gallantly attempted with swords and pistols in hand, to quell the riot. He shot down one man, and wounded several others.

WOODVILLE, (Va.) Sept. 1, 1846,

Interesting Slave Case.—A slave case of much interest was decided in this county at the late term of our Supreme Court. It was the case of negro Kitty Payne and her children, who had been brought to Virginia by Samuel Maddox, from Adams county, Pa. and claimed by him as his slaves. The case came up on a feigned issue before the Supreme Court to try the question of their freedom, and was ably and elaborately argued. Z. Turner, Esq. appeared as the counsel for the slaves, and greatly distinguished himself by a most powerful argument in their behalf, in which the law and the facts were clearly set forth.

The result of the trial was that the Court rendered a special verdict, that the negro woman and her children were equitably entitled to their freedom, but that a further proceeding would be necessary to remove certain legal disabilities, that prevented the Court now awarding it to them. Of course these proceedings will be instituted and these negroes set free. As the arrest of this woman and her children caused much excitement in Adams county, (Pa.) at the time it was made, this report of the decision of the case, I have thought, may be of interest to your many readers there.—*Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.*

The Fugitive Slave Affair.—A posse of officers went down in the steamer General Lincoln on Friday, with a view of overtaking the barque Niagara, and got within ten miles, and then gave up the chase. A sailboat was seen to communicate with her, but it did not appear that any body was put on board the N. The General L. afterward overhauled the sailboat, and Capt. H. was found on board, but no coloured man. Col. Pratt had command of the party, but had no other process than the writ of habeas corpus, and therefore had no authority for arresting Capt. H. The General L. returned about 7 o'clock that evening.—*Boston Post, 12th.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

For the Standard—from Sept'r. 12, to Sept'r. 19, 1846.

Charles Patterson, Niagara Falls, N Y			$1 00
John Morrison,	"	"	1 00
John M. Anderson,	"	"	1 00
Edward Love, Hamilton, Canada West,			1 00
William Huson, Toronto,		"	1 00
Brooks & Higgins, Wyoming, N Y			1 00
Moore & Whitney, Pavilion,		"	1 00
Jacob Annis,	"	"	1 00
Eldred Velzy,	"	"	1 00
F. D. Fox, Colerain, Ohio,			3 00
Mary T. Drew, Dover, N H			1 00
Wm. H. Humphrey, Millbury, Mass.			3 00
John A. V. Smith,	"	"	1 00
Elihu Harwood, Oxford,	"	"	1 00
C. B. Cary,	"	"	1 00
Lyman P. Low,	"	"	50
Rev. R. M. Byram,	"	"	1 00
Samuel L. Freeman, New London, Ct			1 00
O. A. Mudge,	"	"	1 00
Winthrop Lay,	"	"	1 00
Ester Rich,	"	"	1 00
Susan W. Rich,	"	"	1 00
Nathan Belden,	"	"	50
Mrs. Lucretia Le Lare, Upton, Mass.			1 00
Judson T. Childs,	"	"	1 00
Dr. Hiram Hosmer, Watertown,		"	1 00
Mrs. M. H. Weise, Worcester,		"	1 00
F. W. Gunn, Washington, Ct			1 00
Joseph A. French, Erie, Pa.			1 00
James C. Cleveland, Torringford, Ct			1 00
Wm. Bromley, Lockport, N Y			1 00
David Brown,	"	"	1 00
Chancy Morton,	"	"	1 00
E. Chubbuck,	"	"	1 00
Edward C. Wickes,	"	"	1 00
B. L Kenny,	"	"	1 00
Ephraim Palmer, Johnson's Creek, N Y			1 00
David K. Cook,	"	"	1 00
E. B. Allen,	"	"	1 00
Mariah Denel,	"	"	1 00
Thomas Slade,	"	"	1 00
Kendra Robson,	"	"	1 00
H. Harrington,	"	"	1 00
Sarah Barker, Somerset, Niagara county, NY			1 00
Smith Darling,	"	"	1 00
Susan D. Clarke, New Bedford, Mass			1 00
Nathan Mayo, Leicester,	"		1 00
Elbridge Sprague, Abington,	"		4 00
Miss Dunlap, New-York City,			1 00
			55 00

DONATIONS.

Henry Grew, Philadelphia,	20 00	
James C. Cleveland, Torringford, Ct.	1 00	
		21 00
Total Amount,		$76.00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

We have added the name of DAVID W. COOK, Johnson's Creek, N. Y. to our list of Agents for the Standard, to whom all persons may apply who may wish to subscribe for the paper.

NOTICES.

WESTERN NEW-YORK ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

At Rochester, on Christmas Week, 1846.

"Blessed ones! whom none on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth;
Ye whose hearts are sheltered well
By affection's holy spell,
Oh, forget not those, for whom
Life is naught but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days of cheerless sorrow,
Hope may paint no brighter morrow."

The time has passed by, to undertake to set forth the propriety and usefulness of Anti-Slavery Fairs, as an instrumentality in forwarding the cause in which we are engaged. Their efficacy and efficiency have been fully tried, and amply demonstrated. The benefits reflected upon those engaged in them, have been found to be, not among the least useful results. The sewing circle, the social meeting, the free exchange of thought, the awakening of interest, all tend to good.

It is found that we can only get good by doing good;—that we can only *truly* receive by giving, and that "to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty." We therefore, in behalf of the slave, make an appeal for aid to those who love Freedom, and hate Slavery,—who hold to Liberty and despise oppression,—with a confident assurance, that to those who appreciate the spirit and genius of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, the appeal will not be in vain.

OBJECTS OF THE FAIR.

The products of the Fair will be expended under the direction of the Board of Managers, in defraying the expenses of the Anti-Slavery agents, and in sustaining the National Anti-Slavery Standard. Any persons making contributions or donations, can have the amount expended in either specific manner which they may direct.

A commodious Hall will be procured, and the Fair opened on Christmas Eve, and continued until New Year's day. Addresses will be delivered through the week by the most eloquent friends of Freedom, who can be obtained. An Anti-Slavery Choir will be in attendance, to sing, in behalf of Liberty, songs appropriate to the cause and occasion.

In the name, then, of outraged humanity, imbruted and trampled upon,—in the name of prostrate manhood, scourged and bleeding,—in the name of God-like intellect, bedimmed and clouded,—in the name of anguished mothers, weeping and wailing,—in the name of little children, bound and fettered, sold and bartered, we ask every one to do something. The farmer can surely find something among his various productions to offer upon the altar, if his heart is in the work. All the productions of the dairy, poultry, and all the varieties of fruit, grain, and vegetables, will be needed. We ask the miller for his flour, the baker for aid in baking cake and crackers, and the mechanics for the products of their skill, in the shape of such neat, tasteful, and useful articles as their various handicrafts can furnish. The merchant for staple and fancy stuffs, such as we can work up into useful and attractive articles, for keepsakes, and friendly offerings, and while we are labouring, we remember that every stitch we take is a stitch in the shroud of Slavery, and that will make the labour light.

Do n't let those who have nothing but money to give feel slighted, for that will not be refused, but will be more than doubled by the willing hand of industry.

Now, friends, we ask each and every one of you, by the regard you have for the happiness of your own hearthstones, by the religion which you profess, and the attributes of Him whom you worship, to become fellow-laborers with us in this holy cause.

Sarah R. Doty, Farmington.
Phebe Hathaway, "
Margaret Pryor, Waterloo.
Mary Ann McClintock,
Sarah E. Thayer, Poplar Ridge, Venis.
Sarah Jacobs, " "
Eliza M. Cooper, Williamson.
Sarah D. Fish, Sodus.
Sylvia Mead, Lockport.
Laura Murry, Darien.
Amy Post, Rochester.
Sarah A. Burtis, "
Abigail Bush, "
Elizabeth G. Curtis, "

ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR.

The Sixth Annual Fair of the Weymouth Female Anti-Slavery Society will commence on the evening of *Tuesday*, October 6th, at 7 o'clock, in the Hall of Wales' hotel, at Weymouth Landing, to continue through the two succeeding days, ending with a tea party.

A great variety of useful and beautiful articles will be offered for sale.

Donations either in money or articles will be thankfully accepted, and may be sent to either of the undersigned

LUCRETIA A. COWING } Com.
DEBORAH LANE, }

September 17th 1846.

CIRCULAR.

Again we invite the co-operation of the Abolitionists of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware, in our preparations, already commenced, for the Fair of 1846. We trust that our friends in town and country, will immediately begin, if they have not already done so, to make arrangements for working circles, &c. and enlist as many warm hearts and efficient hands as can be found in their respective neighborhoods. Our next Fair is to be held in a much larger Hall, than we have heretofore occupied, and it is our intention that it shall be in every respect greatly superior to former ones. To accomplish this, we must, *each and all*, be more diligent, more active in invention and execution, than heretofore. The cause demands new efforts, and whose heart does not respond to the call? Let each of us commence this work with a determination that the Fair *shall* be what we wish to make it. Let no suggestion be lost, let no inventive thought be rejected, which can be profitably applied in any department of the labor. Much depends on the *variety* of the collection, and the skill and taste of all may here find ample room for profitable exercise. And the usual articles of needlework will be in demand, and a much larger supply than heretofore of the products of the garden, the dairy, and the farm. We wish to fill one table with specimens of Natural History in every variety, and another with pot flowers. Will the friends in the country prepare these for the occasion? Let all who have beautiful flowers of any kind, plant cuttings from them now, and, if properly trained, they will probably be ready for us in December next.

Your past experience and observation, dear friends, diminishes the necessity of suggestions from us. What we would most urgently press upon you is, that the work of preparation be commenced *immediately*, and continued diligently. We shall be glad to communicate with any circle or individual, who may wish for consultation with us respecting the Fair, and shall be happy to receive friendly suggestion from any quarter.

Sarah Pugh, *Emma Parker*,
Theresa Hallowell, *Gertrude K. Burleigh*,
Sarah L. Child, *Hannah L. Stickney*,
Anna M. Hopper, *Mary T. Stickney*,
Margaret Griscom, *Emily Winslow*,
Sarah A. McKim, *Maria Davis*,
Amy Matilda Cassey, *Harriet D. Purvis*,
Paulina Wright, *Sarah L. Purvis*,
Janette Jackson, *Margaret Jones*,
Martha Carman, *Mary Grew*,
E. Carman, *Margaretta Forten*,
Clementine Green, *Mary Shaw*,
Huldah Justice, *Hester Reckless*,
Eliza J. Bias, *Esther Hogeland*,
Committee of Arrangements.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

Although the meetings of this association have been for a time suspended, yet it is believed that the friends of the enslaved have not lost sight of the object for which it was organized. The persevering efforts of individuals in the West, and the associated action in some of the eastern commercial cities, with a view to multiply facilities for ensuring more adequate supplies of sugar, &c. not contaminated by slave labour, or produced by oppression, it is believed clearly indicate the propriety of calling a meeting of the "Free Produce Association of the West."

The friends of the slave, and advocates of abstinence from the use of slave-grown produce, are respectfully called to meet in convention at Salem, Union county, Ia. on the 28th of 10th month (October) next.

WM. BEARD, President.

FREE PRODUCE ASSOCIATION.

The eighth annual meeting of the American Free Produce Association will be held in Philadelphia, on the 20th of 10th month, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

All persons interested in the principles of the Society are earnestly invited to attend.

ABRAHAM L. PENNOCK, *President.*
SARAH PUGH, *Secretary.*

FAIR TEETH.

We would give information to those of our friends who may need the aid of a DENTIST, that EDWARD TOWNSEND, No. 254 North Fourth Street, and JOHN E. TOWNSEND, Southeast corner of Ninth and Cherry Streets, both well known and highly esteemed in their profession, have each generously offered to give *twelve hours of professional work for the benefit of our Fair.*

Persons wishing to have teeth extracted, plugged, or artificial ones inserted, may receive an order from either of the undersigned:

Sarah Pugh, 70 Marshall Street,
Sarah L. Child, 452 North 2d Street,
Anna M. Hopper, 22 North 7th Street,
Emma Parker, 127 Arch "
Margaret A Griscom, 325 1-2 Arch Street,
Margaretta Forten, 92 Lombard "
or from any member of the
Committee of Arrangements.

Book Depository.

For sale at the Office of the American Anti-Slavery Society, 142 Nassau st. N. Y. the following publications:

Address to the Presbyterians of Kentucky.
Authentic Anecdotes of American Slavery.
Anti-Slavery Catechism, by Mrs. Child.
Amusing Tales.
Address of S. J. May, at Syracuse.
Appeal to the Women of the nominally Free States.
Alton Riots, bound.
Anti-Slavery Record, vol. 2.
Address of R. W. Emerson, at Concord, Aug. 1, 1844.
Africans taken in the Amistad—Congressional Documents.
Adams's (J. Q.) Speech in Congress, 1838, on the Right of Petition, and relating to the Annexation of Texas.

Poetry.

From the New-York Tribune.

THE LONE CHAMBER WINDOW.

"And the places that have known them, shall know them no more forever."

Oh! how sadly looks out,
On the clear winter night,
That lone chamber window,
Closely curtained in white.

No dear hand removeth,
The still folds from their rest—
Still and cold as the shroud
O'er some beautiful breast.

No light ever streameth
That high, lone casement through,
Nor from it outleaneth
The slight form we once knew.

The low bed is empty,
And the pillows upbear
No more the fair temples,
And moist, clustering hair.

Ah, me! to remember
That desolate chamber,
And think that such gloom
Should o'ershadow his room.
The sunniest hearted,
Of all that once parted,
With a smile, and "Good night!"
From the fireside so bright—
With the loves that alone
Make the gladness of home.

The hoarse winds sweeping chill,
That far-burial hill;
Alas! how they still smite
My sick heart if at night,
I only remember
The warm sleep he once slept,
In that white-curtained chamber.

But O! rich consolation,
For such tribulation—
That promise paternal
Of mansions eternal,
Where by love-arms embraced
All the weary may rest—
Till won from their sorrow,
Their tried souls shall be strong,
To press to the meek throng
Of the perfectly blest!

And close to my bosom
This one promise I press,
And its sweet voice shall soothe
Each wild throb of distress;
Though the tears may still gush,
As returning at night,
I see that lone casement
Closely curtained in white.

DEERFIELD, Mass. E. A. S.

From the Providence Journal.

THE REAPER.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

Reaper in the fields of fame,
If thou'lt win a deathless name
Stoop not to an act of shame.

Like the chariot of the sun,
Stop not till thy work is done,
And a course of glory run.

Toil, but in the mines of thought
Let thy wisdom all be wrought,—
Let thy battle there be fought.

On a mission thou art sent;
Life is God-like when well spent:
Labour! 'tis omnipotent.

Deserts are with pride o'ergrown,—
Fields of errour fully blown,—
But no seed of mercy sown.

Avarice with wealth untold,—
Loses heaven in gaining gold,—
Human flesh is bought and sold.

Still the gallows towers high,
Grimly under God's blue sky,
With a bleeding victim nigh.

With thy sickle in thy hand,
Lead thy firm and steady band
Through and through the favoured land.

Reaper, thine is many a grief,—
Many a wrong—but both are brief,
Truth will come to thy relief.

For every wrong there is a right,
Time will bring thy deeds to light,
As the morning follows night.

One great soul hath sadly mused,
"God's great gift of speech abused,
Makes the memory confused."

Heed it not! press quickly by,
With thy purpose in thine eye;
It will soon be time to die

Reaper, rest thee, thou art free,
And thy name will henceforth be
The marvel of Eternity!

LABOUR'S THANKSGIVING HYMN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

That I must work I thank thee, God!
I know that hardship, toil, and pain,
Like rigourous winter in the sod
Which doth mature the hardy grain,
Call forth in man his noblest powers;—
Therefore I hold my head erect,
And, amid life's severest hours,
Stand steadfast in my self-respect.

I thank thee, God, that I must toil!
Yon ermined slave of lineage high,
The game-law lord who owns the soil,
Is not so free a man as I!
He wears the fetters of his clan;
Wealth, birth, and rank have hedged him in;
I heed but this, that I am MAN,
And to the great in mind akin!

Thank God, that like the mountain-oak,
My lot is with the storms of life;
Strength grows from out the tempest's shock;
And patience in the daily strife.
The horny hand, the furrowed brow,
Degrade not, howe'er slowth may deem;
'T is this degrades—to cringe and bow,
And ape the vice we disesteem.

Thank God for toil, for hardship, whence
Come courage, patience, hardihood,
And for that sad experience
Which leaves our bosoms flesh and blood;
Which leaves us tears for others' woe!
Brother in toil, respect thyself;
And let thy steadfast virtue show
That man id nobler far than pelf!

Thank God for toil; nor fear the face
Of wealth, nor rank: fear only sin,
That blight which mars all outward grace,
And dims the light of peace within!
Give me thy hand, my brother, give
Thy hard and toil-stained hand to me;
We are no dreamers, we shall live
A brighter, better day to see!

Miscellany.

[Translated for the Boston Atlas, from Eugine Scribe.]

THE VALUE OF LIFE.

AN EXTRACT FROM A MEMOIR OF A GENTLEMAN IN BRITTANY.

And Joseph, opening the door of the parlour, came in to inform us the post-chaise was ready. My mother and sister threw their arms around me.

"There is yet time," said they to me, "give up all thoughts of this journey."

"Mother," said I, "I am a gentleman; I am twenty years old, it is time I became something in the world, that I should push my way either in the army or at court."

"And when you have gone, Bernard, tell me, what will become of me?"

"You will be proud and happy to hear of the success of your son."

"And should you be killed in some battle?"

"And what if I should! what is life? Is it anything but a dream? A gentleman at twenty should think only of glory. And in a few years you will see me returning to you, either a colonel or a marshal, or else holding an honourable post at Versailles."

"Well, of what good will that be?"

"I shall be respected, and of consequence."

"And then?"

"Then every one will take off his hat when he meets me. I shall marry my cousin Henrietta; I will see my young sisters well married, and we will all live with you in tranquillity and happiness, on my lands in Brittany."

"And who prevents you from doing the same now? Has not your father left you the finest fortune in the whole country? Is there a richer domain or a more beautiful castle for twenty leagues around, than that of Roche-Barnard? Do you not take your tenants into your accounts? Are there not enough to salute you when you cross the village? Do not leave us, my son; remain near thy friends, with thy sisters, with thy old mother; whom, when you return, you will perhaps no longer find among the living; do not go, and waste in vain search for glory, or shorten, by cares and torments of all kinds, your days, which at best pass but too quickly. Life is a pleasant thing, my son, and the sun of Brittany is so beautiful."

So saying, she pointed, through the parlour windows, to the beautiful avenues of my park, the old chesnut trees in bloom, the lilacs, the honeysuckles, whose blossoms perfumed the air, and whose verdure sparkled in the sunlight. In the ante-chamber stood the gardner and his whole family, who, sad and silent, all seemed to say to me, do not depart, young master, do not leave us!

Hortensia, my eldest sister, pressed me in her arms, and Amelia, my little sister, who was in a corner of the hall, engaged in looking at the engravings of a volume of Fontaine, approached me, offering me the book.

"Read, read, brother," said she, weeping!

It was the fable of the "Two Pigeons."

I rose hastily and put them all back.

"I am twenty years old, I am a gentleman, and must earn honour and glory, let me go."

I rushed out into the court-yard. I was about to ascend the post-chaise, when a woman appeared upon the steps of the staircase. It was Henrietta. She did not weep, she did not say one word. But pale and tremulous she could hardly support herself. With her white handkerchief, which she held in her hand, she gave a last sign of adieu, and fell senseless. I ran to her, raised her, and pressed her in my arms, and swore an eternal love for her, and at the moment she came to herself, leaving her to the care of my mother and sister, I hastened to my carriage without stopping and without turning my head. If I had looked at Henrietta I should not have gone.

A few moments after, the post-chaise was rolling along the main road. For a long time I thought of my sisters, my mother, of Henrietta, and the happiness I was leaving behind me. But these thoughts were all effaced as soon as the turrets of Roche-Bernard were concealed from my sight, and my mind was soon filled only by dreams of ambition and glory.

What castles in the air! what fine exploits I performed in my post-chaise. Wealth, honour, dignities, success of all kinds—I denied myself nothing. At last, rising in rank, as I proceeded on the road, I became a Duke and a Peer, a Governor of a province, and a Marshal of France, when I reached, in the evening, my inn. The voice of my domestic, calling me by the simple title of squire, compelled me to return to myself, and to abdicate my borrowed titles. The next day, and the day following, the same dream, the same intoxication, ensued; for my journey was a long one.

I repaired to the environs of Sedan, to the house of the Duke of C. an old friend of my father, and patron of our family. He was to take me with him to Paris, where he was expected at the end of the month. He was to present me at Versailles, and obtain for me the command of a company of dragoons, through the influence of his sister, the Marchioness of F. a young and charming woman, generally regarded as the successor of Madame Pompadour, whose place and title she claimed with justice, as she had long fulfilled its honourable functions.

I arrived in the evening at Sedan, and it being then too late to repair to the castle of my protector, I delayed my visit until the next day, and put up at the *French Arms*, the best hotel in the city, and a general rendezvous for all the officers; for Sedan is a garrisoned city, a strong place. The streets have a warlike aspect, and even the citizens have a martial appearance, that seemed to say to strangers, "We are compatriots of the great Turenne."

I ate at the public table, and inquired the way to the castle of my patron, situated three leagues from the city. "Any one will show you," said they to me, "he is well known in the country. It was in that castle that the great warrior, the Marshal Fabert died." The conversation turned upon the Marshal, as was very natural among young soldiers. They spoke of his battles, his great exploits, and his excessive modesty, which led him to refuse the letters of nobility and the collars of the order offered him by Louis XIV.; they spoke particularly of the wonderful good fortune which had raised him from a common soldier to the rank of a Marshal of France—he, a man of no family, the son of a printer. It was the only instance they could then cite of such good fortune, which even in the lifetime of Fabert, had appeared so extraordinary that the common people did not hesitate to assign supernatural causes to his elevation.

They said that from his infancy he had been occupied with magic and sorcery; that he had made a compact with the devil; and our inn-keeper, who added the credulity of a Breton peasant to the foolishness of a Champagnois, assured us, with the greatest confidence, that in the castle of the Duke of C. where Fabert had died, a black man had been seen, whom no one knew, to enter his chamber, and carry away the soul of the Marshal, which he before had bought, and which now belonged to him; and that even now, in the month of May, the anniversary of the death of Fabert, a little light, carried by a black man, could be seen. These stories enlivened the repast, and we drank a bottle of champaign in honour of the familiar demon of Fabert praying that he might be pleased to take us also under his protection, and enable us to win some battles as famous as those of Collioure and Marfee.

The next morning I rose at an early hour, and repaired to the castle of the Duke of C. an immense Gothic pile, which, perhaps, I should not have noticed at any other time, but which, I confess, I regarded with a curiosity mingled with emotion, recalling to my mind the story of the inn-keeper of the previous evening.

The servant to whom I applied was ignorant whether his master was in, and especially whether he could receive any one. I gave him my name, and he went out, leaving me in a kind of armory, decorated with hunting implements and family portraits. I waited some time, and no one came. The career of glory and honour upon which I am to enter, said I to myself, commences in this ante-chamber, and I became somewhat impatient—and had already counted all the family portraits, several times over, and all the cross-beams of the ceiling, when I heard a slight noise in the wainscotting. It was a half-closed door blown open by the wind. I looked and perceived a very pretty boudoir lighted by two great windows, and a glass door that led out upon a magnificent park; I took a few steps towards this apartment, and stopped at a sight which had at first escaped me. A man, with his back towards the door I had just entered, was lying upon a sofa; he rose, and without perceiving me, hastened, suddenly, towards the window. His face was bathed in tears; the deepest despair was imprinted upon all his features; he stood for sometime motionless, his head buried in his hands; he then began to pace rapidly up and down the apartment.

I was standing near him, he perceived me and started; disturbed and embarrassed at my own indiscretion. I attempted to retire, and murmured a few words by way of excuse.

"Who are you? What do you wish?" said he to me with a loud tone of voice, seizing me by the arm.

"I am Sir Barnard, of Roche-Barnard, and I arrived from Brittany . . ."

"I know—I know," said he, and he threw himself into my arms, made me sit down by his side, spoke to me hurriedly of my father, and all my relatives, whom he knew so well, that I had no doubt he must be the owner of the castle.

"You are the Duke of C." said I to him.

He rose and eyed me in an excited manner. He replied to me, "I was so, but I am so no longer, I am no longer anything," and seeing my astonishment, exclaimed—

"Not a word, young man, do not interrupt me."

"If, Sir, I have been an unwilling witness of your sorrows and your grief, and if my friendly devotion can afford any consolation . . ."

"Yes, yes, you are right; not that you can in any way affect my fate, but you can, at least, be witness to my last will and testament—it is the only service I ask of you."

He went and closed the door and returned to seat himself near me, who awaited what he had to say with tremulous emotion. He was grave and serious. His face also had an expression such as I had never seen before.

His forehead, which I attentively examined, seemed to be marked by some fatality. His face was pale—his black eyes sparkled like lightning, and from time to time his features, although altered by suffering, were contracted by an ironical and almost infernal smile.

"What I am about to tell you," said he to me, "will confound you! You will doubt—you will not believe—I very often find my ownself doubting—at least I would be glad to—but the proofs are here—and in everything that surrounds us, even in my own organisation, there are many other mysteries which we are compelled to acknowledge, without being able to comprehend them."

He stopped a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, passed his hand over his forehead and continued—

"I was born in this castle. I had two brothers, my elders, to whom the honour and property of our house were to descend. I had nothing to expect but the family mantle and collar. In the meanwhile thoughts of ambition and glory fermented in my brain and made my heart beat.

I was unhappy in consequence of my obscurity and desirous of renown, and thought only of the means of acquiring the latter. This idea made me insensible to all the pleasures and enjoyments of life. The present was nothing to me. I existed only in the future, and this future was presented to me under the most gloomy aspects. I was then thirty years of age, and I was still nothing; then on all sides literary reputations were growing up at the capital, the fame of which reached even our province.

"'Ah!' I often said to myself, 'if I could only win for myself a reputation in the career of letters! It would be a permanent renown, and that alone is happiness.' The confidant of my griefs was an ancient domestic, an old negro, who was in the castle long before my birth. He was surely the oldest member of the household, for no one remembered when he entered it. The country people even pretended that he had served the Marshal Fabert, and had been present at his death."

At this moment, he saw me make a motion of surprise—he stopped, and asked what was the matter.

"Nothing," said I; but in spite of myself, I could not help thinking of the black man of whom our inn-keeper had spoken the evening before.

M. de C—— proceeded:

"One day, before Iago, (that was the name of this negro,) I gave way to despair, upon my obscurity, and the uselessness of my life, and I exclaimed—'I would give ten years of my life to be placed in the front rank of our authors!'

"'Ten years!' said he to me, coldly,—'that is a good deal. It is paying dearly for the little thing; but, no matter, I accept your offer of ten years; I take them—remember your promise—I will fulfil mine.'

"I cannot describe to you my surprise at hearing him speak in this manner. I imagined that age had weakened his reason. I shrugged my shoulders with a smile—and some days after, I left the castle, to go to Paris.

"There I found myself pushed forward into the society of the *literati*. Their example encouraged me, and I published many works, the success of which I will not here relate. All Paris was eager to see them. The journals resounded with my praises; the name I had assumed became quite celebrated—and even yesterday, young man, even you were admiring it!"

Here a new gesture of surprise interrupted this recital.

"You are not, then, the Duke of C—— ?" said I.

"No," he replied, coldly; and I said to myself—"a celebrated man of letters; can it be Marmontel? can it be Alembert? can it be Voltaire?"

My unknown friend here sighed—a smile of contemptuous regret curled his lip—and he resumed his narrative:

"This literary reputation, which I had so much envied, was soon insufficient for a soul like mine. I aspired to more noble successes, and I said to Iago—who had followed me to Paris, and who no longer quitted me:—'There is no real glory—there is no true renown, except that which is acquired in a career of arms. What is a man of letters? a poet? Nothing. Tell me of a great captain—a general of the army. Such is the destiny which I envy—and for a military reputation, I would give ten of my remaining years.'

"'I accept them,' replied Iago, to me; 'I take them—they are mine; do not forget it.'"

While he was rapidly pacing the room, and was speaking to me with much warmth, I was all amazement. I said to myself:—'Who, then, is this man before me? Can it be Coigny?—can it be Richelieu?—or the Marshal of Saxe?'

From this state of excitement, my unknown had sunk into a great dejection; and approaching me, he said to me, with an air of dejection:

"Iago spoke truly—and when, later in life, disgusted with the empty smoke of military glory, I aspired to the only real and positive glory of the world; when, at the price of five or six years' existence, I desired gold and wealth, he also granted them to me. Yes, young man—yes, I have seen fortune assist, even surpass, all my wishes; land, forests, castles—even this morning, all these were mine—and, if you doubt my word—if you do not believe in Iago himself—wait, wait! he will come, and you shall see for yourself, with your own eyes: for, what now confounds your reason and mine, is unfortunately, but too real."

The unknown then approached the chimney, looked at the clock, made a gesture of fear, and said to me, in a low voice:

"This morning, at the break of day, I felt so weak and so dejected, that I could scarcely rise. I rang for my valet de chambre. It was Iago who came. 'What is it that ails me?' said I to him.

"'Nothing but that which is quite natural,' said he—'The hour is approaching—the moment is at hand!'

"'What hour?' said I to him.

"'Can you not divine? Heaven destined you to live sixty years. You had lived thirty when I obeyed your wishes.'

"'Iago,' said I to him, in affright; 'are you speaking seriously?' 'Yes, master, in five years you have spent in glory twenty-five years of your existence. You gave them to me,—they are mine, and the days which you have lost will now be added to mine.' 'What? was that the price of your services?' 'Others have paid me more dearly; witness Fabert, whom I also have aided.' 'Be silent,' said I; 'it cannot be possible: it is not true.' 'Time will prove; be prepared, for you have only a half hour left to live.'

"'You are trifling with me, you are deceiving me.' 'By no means—make the calculation yourself; thirty-five years in which you have really lived, and twenty-five which you have lost; total, sixty; that was your proportion; every one has his own;' and he turned to go out. I felt my voice forsaking me, my voice failing me.

"'Iago, Iago,' I cried, 'give me a few hours.'

"'No, no,' he replied, 'it would be lessening my own share, and I realize better than you the value of life. There is no treasure that can pay for two hours of existence.' 'Ah, well!' said I to him, making an effort, 'take back that for which I have sacrificed so much; four hours more, and I will give you up my gold—my wealth—that opulence I have coveted so much.' 'Well, be it so. Thou hast been a kind master, and I wish to do something for thee; I consent to it.'

"I felt my strength re-animated, and I cried:—'four hours, it is so little! Iago! Iago! four more, and I will renounce my glory, all my works, which have placed me so high in the esteem of the world.'

"'Four hours for that,' cried the negro, in disdain, 'it is too much. No matter. I will not refuse this, your last request.' 'Not my last,' said I, with clasped hands: 'Iago! Iago! I implore thee, give me till the evening—twelve hours, the whole day! And let all my exploits, my victories, my military renown, be effaced from the memory of man! Let there remain nothing more of them upon the earth. The day! Iago! the whole day: I will be too happy.'

"'You abuse my kindness,' said he to me, 'and I am trifled with; but no matter, I give thee until the setting of the sun. After that, demand of me nothing more. Then, in the evening, I will come to take thee!' And he left me," said the unknown, in despair, "and this day in which I speak to thee, is the last day that remains to me." Then approaching the glass door, which was open, and which led out upon the park, he exclaimed:—"I shall no longer see these beautiful heavens, this green turf, these gushing fountains. I shall no longer breathe the balmy air of spring! Madman that I was. These goods, which God gives to all—these goods, to the value of which I have been insensible, and whose sweetness I can now realize, I might have enjoyed for twenty-five years still, and I have wasted my days, I have sacrificed myself for a vain chimera, for a sterile glory, which has not made me happy, and which has perished before me!

"Hold," said he, pointing to some peasants crossing the path, and repairing to their work, singing, "what would I not now give to be allowed to share their labours and privations. I have nothing to give, and nothing more to hope for, here below! No, not even misfortune!"

At this moment, a ray of the bright May sun fell on his pale and wandering features; he seized my arm in a sort of delirium:—"See, see there, how beautiful is this sun, and I must quit all this; ah, how should I enjoy to-morrow; how I should delight in the whole day; so pure, so beautiful; but there is no to-morrow for me!"

He rushed out into the park, and at the turn of an alley he disappeared, before I could detain him. To tell the truth, I had not the strength. I had sunk upon the sofa, bewildered and lost in astonishment, at what I had just seen and heard. I rose, I walked about, to convince myself that I was awake, that I was not under the dominion of a dream.

At this moment, the door opened, and a domestic said to me—

"Here is my master, the Duke of C——."

A man about sixty years of age, and with rather a distinguished face, advanced, extended his hand to me, and demanded my pardon for having made me wait so long.

"I was not in the castle," said he to me. "I was on my way from the city, where I have been to consult a physician relative to the health of my younger brother."

"Is his life in danger, then?" cried I.

"No, Sir, thank Heaven," replied the Duke, "but in his youth, notions of ambition and glory affected his imagination, and a very severe illness from which he has recently suffered, and in which his life was despaired of, has left his brain affected by a peculiar delirium and alienation, which keeps them under the constant apprehension that he has only one day longer to live. That is the form his madness takes."

Everything was therefore explained to me!

"Now," continued the Duke, "let us speak of yourself, young man, and see what we can do for your advancement. At the end of the month, we will set out for Versailles. I will present you."

"I appreciate your kindness, my Lord Duke, and thank you, but——,"

"What, do you renounce all ideas of the court, and the advantages you may reap from it?"

"Yes, Sir."

"But only think; by my aid, your progress will be rapid, and with a little assiduity and patience, in the course of ten years you may be able to hear."

"Ten years lost!" I exclaimed.

"Ah, well!" he replied, in astonishment, "is it paying too dearly for fortune, honour, and glory?—Come, let us go, young man, let us set out for Versailles."

"No, my Lord Duke! I intend to go back to Brittany—and I once more beg you to receive both my own thanks, and those of my relatives."

"Why, this is madness! this is downright folly," cried the Duke.

But I, thinking only of what I had just heard and seen, I said to myself, it is not madness, but reason and good sense.

The next day, I was on my way back; with what delight did I once more behold my beautiful castle of Roche Bernard, the old trees in the park, the delightful sun of Brittany. I once more found my tenants, my sisters, my friends, and happiness. I have never since parted from them, and eight days after I married Henrietta.

From the Water-Cure Journal.

THE HUNGER-CURE.*

It may be interesting to some of my readers to know that suffering humanity has found another humble benefactor in Austrian Silesia, whose views are quite as original as those of Priessnitz, and whose practice is yet more opposed to received ideas. I close my little book with some account of his treatment of disease.

About four miles from Graefenberg, up a lovely valley, is situated the village of Lindiviese, where dwells a schoolfellow of Priessnitz, by name Schrott, a remarkable but illiterate man, who told me that he had never opened a book on medicine, physiology, or anatomy, and that he never would. He undertakes to cure all diseases, not by the exhibition of cold water, which he ridicules, but by withholding from his patients all fluids. The treatment which he has adopted, and which may be termed the Dipsopathic, (thirst,) though clearly applicable to a variety of ailments, as we shall presently show, I found, in a long interview, to emanate from strangely confused physiological notions. He talked of placing the human being in the same condition as it existed in the womb, by means of moist warmth, with which he surrounds it, (the *feuchte warme*,) communicated by three wet sheets, in which the patient sleeps. They are all applied in a manner similar to Priessnitz' one, the process usually commencing at two o'clock in the morning. The patient remains packed up till eight or ten o'clock. The system of total abstinence from drink is carried on for five, and sometimes for eight days consecutively; the alvine excretions cease, and the urine is excreted in small quantity, very turbid, and deposits various salts. One patient told me that he had been twelve days without any relief from the bowels; and I heard also of one who had been seven weeks. Sometimes, however, diarrhœa occurs, which Schrott considers as a favourable crisis.

By depriving the stomach of fluid, the absorbents of the skin are brought into powerful activity; and, by the moisture having to travel from the extremities of the frame, Schrott thinks that it carries with it the humours of the blood to the bladder, from whence they are ultimately expelled with the urine; because in the urine he finds large deposits, to which he triumphantly points as containing the extraneous matter that caused the disease.

It would be only a waste of time to offer any observations on the fallacy of these views. There are, however, cases that have resisted all allopathic and hydropathic appliances, to which this treatment might certainly offer every prospect of success. I allude to those where there has been serous or sanguineous effusion, or dilatation of part of the brain,—excrescences, tumors, clots; in short, where any extraneous matter has been thrown out, which interferes with the functions of the brain and viscera. For, as Liebig observes: "In many diseases substances are produced which are incapable of assimilation. By the mere deprivation of food, these substances are removed from the body, without leaving a trace behind; their elements have entered into combination with the oxygen of the air." And again: "In the progress of starvation, it is not only the fat which disappears, but also, by degrees, all such of the solids as are capable of being dissolved. In the wasted bodies of those who have suffered starvation, the muscles are shrunk, and unnaturally soft, and have lost their contractility. All those parts of the body, which were capable of entering into the state of motion, have served to protect the remainder of the frame from the destructive influence of the atmosphere. Towards the end, the particles of the brain begin to undergo the process of oxidation, and delirium, mania, and death close the scene, that is to say, all resistance to the oxidizing power of the atmospheric oxygen ceases, and the chemical process of elemacausis, or decay, commences, in which every part of the body, the bones excepted, enters into combination with oxygen." (Liebig's Organic Chemistry.) The "Hunger-Cure" has for ages been practised in Germany, but never before to the extent which Schrott carries it, as he sometimes, I have heard, goes so far in the process of oxidation as to produce delirium. Such treatment requires no small amount of moral courage on the part of the patient to undertake. The uncertainty, also, as to the applicability of the remedy to any specific disease is so great, that it is no wonder so few are found willing to endure the experiment.

Cases of epilepsy, for which Priessnitz does not wish to prescribe, were related to me as having been effectually cured by Schrott; also of hypertrophy of the liver. Indeed, one gentleman with whom I was acquainted, whose liver had attained a monstrous size, having tried the hydropathic treatment at Graefenberg for some months, with little success, put himself under Schrott. In ten days he reported that his liver was being diminished by cubical inches. He was under treatment when I left Graefenberg, and entertained every hope of being entirely cured.

The deprivation of fluid is gradual; first for one day, then two, and so on, as the patient's strength permits: the appearance of the eyes being Schrott's index. The quantity eaten during the twenty-four hours by the patient while under the *strong cure*, is usually from two to three small rolls of white bread, called "semmels."

* From "The Cold-Water Cure," by Richard Beamish, Esq. F. R. S.

WHITNEY'S RAILROAD TO THE PACIFIC.

We take the following account of a stupendous project—a Railroad across the Continent—from the Tribune:

We have before us the very able and interesting report of Senator BREESE upon this magnificent project. The project is fully and clearly set forth, and discussed under twelve different heads, showing the power of Congress over the entire subject; its practicability, adequacy of the proposed means, and the expediency of their application thereto; its effect upon *all* the public lands in every part of the country; its effect upon the mineral resources of the country; its effect in extending the internal trade of the country; its effect in extending our commerce with China, with Japan, and with all Asia, as well as the islands in the Pacific, and the West coast of North and South America; its consequences in fostering the whale and other fisheries in the Pacific; its use as a great high-way of nations; and the consequence that would result from its construction in a moral, political, and military point of view, to the American Union.

As this will be a leading and most important subject before the people until Congress at its next session shall have acted upon it, it may not be uninteresting to our readers to have a short sketch of its history thus far, which we will give in advance of a farther notice of the report:

"Mr. WHITNEY, the projector of this stupendous work, returned to this city from China about two years since. He was in China nearly two years, and there collected the statistics and information of the commerce of that vast Empire, of all Asia, and of the islands of the Indian Ocean; and there matured in his own mind this magnificent project; which, if carried out, is to change the great currents of trade, and affect the condition of nearly all mankind. On the 28th of January, 1845, his memorial, praying the grant of lands for the construction of this work, was presented to the two branches of Congress; in the Senate by Hon. D. S. DICKINSON, and in the House by Hon. ZADOCK PRATT, both of this State. It was referred to the respective Committees on Roads and Canals. The Senate Committee had not time to act upon it. The House Committee (Hon. R. D. OWEN, Chairman) made a Report in its favour. The memorial and report were printed and published to the world. Some laughed, some were astounded, and some called it a humbug. Mr. Whitney heeded them not, but persevered, with an energy determined on success.—With a very small party, and without a guide, he passed over more than eight hundred miles of the proposed route, the greater part of which lay through an entire wilderness, without habitation of man, and only known to the savages.

"On the character of this eight hundred miles he predicated the success of the whole work, these furnishing the means for nearly sixteen hundred miles of the road. His hopes were more than realized: the lands were better than had been expected, and he was satisfied that the work could be done with the means proposed. We published, at the time, Mr. Whitney's short account of his exploration, with our favourable opinion of the project.

"At the commencement of the last session, Mr. Whitney again presented a memorial to the Senate, in which body it was referred to the Committee on Public Lands, composed of the following highly-distinguished gentlemen: Senators Breese, (Chairman,) Morehead, Woodbridge, Ashley, and Chalmers. The memorial was printed with a map showing the route, and published to the world, a part of which we gave to our readers with remarks thereon.

"The Committee investigated the subject in all its bearings; they had it before them during the entire long session, and finally brought in a unanimous report strongly in its favour, with a bill for the grant of the lands prayed for, which bill was read and passed to a second reading, and the report ordered to be printed for the use of the Senate. Thus, then, this mighty work is by the Committee made to appear not only feasible and practicable, but of absolute necessity and vital importance to us as a nation and to all mankind, as it is shown by the map accompanying the report that the opening of this road will force the completion of all the different routes now commenced from the Atlantic to it, and when all shall have been completed, the grand centre of our great country will be not far west of the Missouri river, and at thirty miles per hour by railroad, the whole country, from ocean to ocean, can be brought together at this centre in *three days*, and the extremes of the entire globe to the same centre in twenty-five days, thus making the centre of our continent the centre and thoroughfare of the world. The important results to us as a nation, and to the world, are beyond the power of imagination to predict. And who can oppose such a work? We think, when understood, no one. The Report says:

The Committee have reason to believe that, from the exciting interest which would not fail to surround this undertaking when once begun, the pressure for acquisition and investments in the fertile part of these lands and in the vicinity of so extensive a work, would place their value at least at the minimum price of public lands. The Committee, therefore, incline to believe that the means proposed are abundantly sufficient for the end in view, and have no doubt of the expediency of applying such means to this great end. It must be recollected that these lands, throughout the entire distance, are so immediately connected with the opening of the road, that their management and disposition should, in the opinion of the Committee, form a separate and distinct system, dependent upon the progressive construction of the road; and it appears to the Committee that no plan could possibly be devised that would be more advantageous than to encourage the settlement of these lands on the line of the road. By this means the two objects would act reciprocally upon each other—the road giving value to the lands, and the proceeds of the lands contributing to the construction of the road. The Committee cannot doubt that the American people would consider that a most important system which would effect so extensive a work for the benefit of all the great interests of the country without taxing any of those interests for the construction of it, and their approbation would not be withheld from the adoption of such a system without delay. The expediency, therefore, of applying the proceeds of these lands to the construction of this road, appears as strongly related to the existence of the road as effect is dependent upon cause.

"Congress will undoubtedly regulate the sale of these lands to accommodate settlers only, and we understand it to be Mr. Whitney's plan that the settlers may buy in such lots as their means will permit, and for one-half cash and the other half in labour on the road. Thus, every man (almost) on the globe may have a home, a farm, and if he will work, a comfortable living, and in fact the land does not cost him anything, for the money which he gives with his labour, is not taken from him, but expended upon the road, which allows him to send his produce to all the four corners of the earth, in exchange for necessaries and luxuries which he cannot produce, and which he could not get without the road. It allows him to communicate with all the earth, himself in the centre, surrounded with plenty, comfort, and happiness, which can be produced only by this road; for were the lands given him without price, there could never be a concentration of means and persons to construct such a work. Therefore we cannot believe any one will oppose that which is to benefit all, and we feel that it must succeed: and all that is now wanting is a general and universal expression of public feeling in its favour."

We do not find in the bill reported by the Committee any guaranty against the monopoly of lands by purchasers, or buying to speculate upon, but we trust a general regulation with regard to our public lands will soon render any special provision to that end unnecessary. Let each purchaser be restricted to the quantity of land he can cultivate himself, and the settling of the tract and the business of the railroad will be immensely accelerated. With no settler engrossing more than one hundred and sixty acres, we should have schools, churches, mills, roads, mechanics' shops, &c. &c. properly diffused much more thoroughly and promptly than if individuals are allowed to monopolize hundreds and thousands of acres to lie idle until they may be sold at five to fifty dollars per acre. Although the necessity of the land limitation is general, it seems to us more obvious and palpable in this case than usually, since the road will need not only labour to build, but travel and commerce to sustain it, and a good "way" business is generally deemed essential to the prosperity of any railroad. Let a strip sixty miles wide be compactly settled nearly as fast as the road is constructed, and its success, so far at least as the country is arable, is morally certain.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PAPERS.

Duelling in Prussia.

It seems that an institution resembling the old barbarous custom of battle by ordeal still lingers in Germany. Under certain circumstances the military authorities, instead of adjudging causes of dispute by rules of justice, permit the opponents to fight out their quarrel. A letter in the *Debats* gives a full account of one of these singular combats. The letter is dated from Munster, Westphalia, June 30:—

"The day before yesterday we were witnesses of an afflicting spectacle, and which, to a certain degree, transported us to the middle ages. This spectacle was that of a duel, under the sanction of justice. The following is an account of this strange affair:—

"Two young officers, the Baron de Deukhaus, a lieutenant in the 11th Regiment of Hussars, and M. de Bonahart, also a lieutenant in the 13th Infantry, had, whilst playing at billiards in a coffee-house, at Munster, a violent dispute, in which M. de Deukhaus made use of several offensive expressions towards his adversary.

"These words having been uttered in a public place, and before a great number of witnesses, M. de Bonnhart felt himself under the necessity of demanding public satisfaction, and to this effect cited M. de Deukhaus to appear before the tribunal of honour sitting at Munster. It is known that for the last two years, tribunals of this description are instituted in all the divisions of the Prussian army.

"This tribunal, conformably to the law, used all its efforts to induce the offending party to retract the offensive expressions, and, not being able to succeed, came to a decision that, considering the words in question attacked the honour of M. de Bonnhart, the latter could no longer continue in the army without having obtained public satisfaction; and considering that M. de Deukhaus obstinately refused to grant him such satisfaction, the tribunal authorized a duel between the two parties, according to the military rules.

"The duel took place on Monday, June 29, at three o'clock in the afternoon, in a plain situate to the north of the city of Munster. A platform was erected in the middle of the plain, on which was seated the tribunal, the judges of the combat.

"Before the tribune, a large space surrounded by ropes supported by staves, was reserved for the combatants. Some detachments of infantry and cavalry were placed round the enclosed ground, and tribune of the judges. At an early hour an immense crowd filled the vast plain, in order to witness the strange contest which was about to take place.

"At three o'clock, precisely, the judges, wearing their uniforms, took their places in the tribune. They again attempted a reconciliation, and, this attempt also failing, authorized the combat to take place.

"It was agreed upon by the two adversaries, with the sanction of the tribunal, that the combat should take place with cavalry swords, and be continued until one of the adversaries became *hors de combat*, and that both should fight with their heads uncovered, and in their shirt-sleeves.

"A certain number of sabres were then brought forward, and the two adversaries, after having bound their eyes, took by chance their weapons. Then taking off the handkerchiefs from their eyes, as well as their coats and hats, they put themselves in an attitude of defence, and, at a signal given by the president of the tribunal, the combat began.

"MM. de Deukhaus and de Bonnhart fought with the greatest obstinacy. The latter successively received two slight wounds in the arm, but soon afterwards wounded his adversary so severely in the thigh, as to render it impossible for the latter to continue the combat.

"When the surgeons had dressed the wounds of the officers, the president of the tribunal again attempted to reconcile them; this time he was immediately obeyed, and the two adversaries embraced each other. The public, which had throughout the combat observed the profoundest silence, hailed the reconciliation with loud and continued applause. Two coaches took away the late opponents, and M. de Bonnhart assisted in carrying M. de Deukhaus to his. The tribunal then separated, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

"It is the first time that a tribunal of honour in Prussia has ever authorized a duel. All the disputes which had been hitherto brought before the tribunal, had invariably terminated by a reconciliation."

A GENUINE PHILANTHROPIST.—The Island of Rona is a small, and very rocky spot of land, lying between the Isle of Skye and the mainland of Apolecross, and is well-known to mariners for the rugged and dangerous nature of its coast. There is a famous place of refuge at its northwestern extremity, called the "Muckle Harbour," of very difficult access, however, which, strange to say, is easier entered at night than during the day. At the extremity of this hyperborean solitude is the residence of a poor old widow, whose lonely cottage is called "the light-house," from the fact that she uniformly keeps a lamp burning in her little window at night. By keeping this light, and the entrance of the harbour *open*, a strange vessel may enter with the greatest safety. During the silent watches of the night the widow may be seen, trimming her little lamp with oil, fearful that some frail bark may perish through her neglect; and for this she receives no manner of remuneration, it is pure and unmingled philanthropy. The poor woman's kindness does not even rest here; for she is unhappy until the benumbed and shivering mariner comes ashore to share her little board, and recruit himself at her glowing and cheerful fire; and she can seldom be prevailed upon to accept of any reward. She has saved more lives than Davy's belt, and thousands of pounds to the underwriters. The poor creature, in her younger days, witnessed her husband struggling with the waves, and swallowed up by the remorseless billows—

"In sight of home and friends that thronged to save."

This circumstance seems to have prompted her present devoted and solitary life, in which her only enjoyment is doing good.—*Inverness Courier.*

HORRIBLE CRIME.—In 1845, during the procession of the *Fete-Dieu*, at Lleinzell, a small town in Hungary, a widow, named Witrewslesky, lost her child, a little girl, in the crowd. All her efforts to find her were in vain. This year she again attended the procession, when she was accosted by a little girl, holding in her hand a little wooden box, who was begging for alms. She immediately recognized her own child; but, to her horror, on examining her, she found that she was blind, the orbits of her eyes being empty! A woman who attempted to obstruct Madame Witrewslesky in taking away the child, was arrested, when she confessed that she was a public mendicant, that she had stolen the child, and scooped out its eyes with a knife, in order to excite the greater commiseration for the unfortunate little creature, and thus to obtain more abundant alms. The punishment inflicted by the Hungarean laws for this crime is breaking alive on the wheel, commencing with the lower extremities.

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